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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Mr. (not Mrs.) Grundy

WHAT American literature needs is a Mr. Grundy (not Mrs. Grundy, *Mr.* Grundy). Our writers, like our educators and our scientists, are naïve. They have never learned how to organize for profits. While they talk, or teach, or write, the industrialist brings home the bacon.

The trouble is that they lack conviction. Mr. Grundy knows that the Pennsylvania industrialist should make a great deal of money, and, with that concentration of mind which psychologists are always recommending, organizes the State of Pennsylvania, the Republican party, the nation, to make a happy capitalist. It's all a game of grab, and so this modern Quaker grabs hard at special privilege for his class, and those that profit grab on behind him, and the opposition are like a field of spectators trying to stop the rush of a football team.

If right, like time and space, is relative, he may well be right. If the tariff has produced a new millionaire class, why a millionaire class may prove to be what we needed. If the tariff has been a prime source of political corruption since it has made legislating for special interests immensely profitable, yet there are dozens of convertible issues, like Prohibition, that would take its place. Mr. Grundy at least knows what he wants, and gets it—but what he gets is small potatoes at best.

Let him come into the larger field of ideas and apply his admirable system there. Some American ideas must be worth protecting; if not, we can follow the example of the chemical industries, and get protection in advance for types of ideas when and if they arise. In literature, the detective story and the biography badly need protection. In drama and fiction, the foreign product can be made quicker and therefore cheaper than here because our authors have to spend half their time on the lecture platform in order to meet the high cost of living. The lecture market itself notoriously requires protection. English poets have run out the native brands from New York. Poet and Englishman are almost synonymous in New York society, though not always in literature.

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But these are small beginnings, too elementary to long engage a lobbyist of genius. He should turn his attention to those vested ideas which constitute the potential intellectual wealth of a self-dependent people. There is, for example, the Fundamentalist's idea of Jehovah, the business man's conception of American prosperity, the salesman's idea of turning everything from highway borders to the Einstein theory into immediate cash. Ideas like these are not the limited privileges of Pennsylvania industrialists or Connecticut capitalists. They are nation wide, and yet vulnerable even through internal competition. To protect them from European rivalry, to put a tariff on their competitors, would be a task for our Mr. Grundy. And it could be done, for ideas have only two sure means of transportation —the written or the spoken word. The first can be stopped at the customs (a clause in the present tariff was designed to begin the practice); the second could be throttled by laws no more drastic than the new measures proposed for enforcing Prohibition.

Our Mr. Grundy will waste no time on futile discussion as to whether protection of infantile ideas will be good or bad for the country at large or the future. His job will be to find the group, or the class, or if he can find no association to make one, of those who profit directly or indirectly by vested interests in local ideas. When that is accomplished the battle for the Protection of American Thought will be two-thirds won. Ten thousand of us may ask for a new sociology, but if there are ten bold men holding copyrights on old books, with a Mr. Grundy at their head, we might as profitably ask for free aluminum. When the ten best-selling American novelists organize under our

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Memory of Lake Superior

By GEORGE DILLON

I KNOW a country of bright anonymous beaches
Where the sand may sleep unprinted till it is stone.
Granite grows loud among the hills and ditches
Of the blown water when the water is blown.

Up on the mountain the sky is everywhere,
The lake fallen hugely underfoot as if
Into the bottom of a well of air,
The island upon it little as a leaf.

The woods are dark with the rank lace of hemlock and pine,
Beech, birch, and balsam, and the shadow of these.
There are mushrooms, and thimbleberries sweeter than wine,
And a far noise of wind in the tops of the trees.

That country was all the knowledge I shall ever learn;
It was all the wisdom I shall ever have.
It was there I looked for the driftwood boughs that burn
In colors like a memory of the wave.

It was there I looked along the forest floor
For the gray feather of the grouse's wing.
It was there I learned to look for nothing more,
Looking into the sea-blue eyes of spring.

This Week

"The Eighteen-Seventies."
Reviewed by J. W. CUNLIFFE.

"Laughing Boy."
Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN.

"The Golden Wind."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"The Embezzlers."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"The Noise that Time Makes."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Science in the Britannica.
By JAMES R. ANGELL.

"Carlyle to Threescore-and-Ten."
Reviewed by GERALD CARSON.

"How to Turn People into Gold."
Reviewed by FRED C. KELLY.

Incantation.
By JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY.

Next Week

Children's Book Number.

Mid-Victorians*

Reviewed by J. W. CUNLIFFE
Columbia University

IT is certainly worth while to sort out and set down our ideas about the Victoria era, about which there is so much loose talking and loose thinking. Perhaps in time we shall have all the decades duly labelled with appropriate alliterative adjectives—"the foolish 'forties," "the futile 'fifties," "the silly 'sixties," "the sleepy 'seventies," "the empty 'eighties," "the naughty 'nineties"—but as yet who of us is young enough to get the alliterative adjectives quite right? Meanwhile, until the smart young critic comes along, we have to be content with the help of the aged. And perhaps it is not a bad idea to learn something of the Victorians from the Victorians; their opinions, and even their standards may be all wrong, but their facts may be significant—even interesting. We therefore welcome the recent effort to enlighten us about the 'seventies made by the Elder Brethren of the British Royal Society of Literature. With their own eyes, they saw the 'seventies and read the literature at its first appearance. They ought to know something about it.

And so they do. The President of the Society, the Marquess of Crewe, leads off with the article about that vanished phenomenon, the patron erature. The last of them was his own fathe Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes), w the friend of most of the literary lights of his time and the helper of many of them. He wanted to marry Florence Nightingale and used to amuse Thomas Carlyle with his paradoxes. Lord Crewe remembers hearing Carlyle fulminate against "that never-ending ass," Herbert Spencer, at Cheyne Row.

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It seems odd to think that within the memory of living Oxford and Cambridge dons women students made their first appearance at those universities, and Nonconformist students were still subject to disabilities. There were even undergraduates who were induced by their seniors to protest against the removal by parliament of the monopoly of fellowships enjoyed by members of the Church of England. Indeed, the Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge said that "a student ought to take well-established facts on trust. If he does not believe the statements of his tutor—probably a clergyman of mature knowledge, recognized ability, and blameless character—his suspicion is irrational, and manifests a want of power of appreciating evidence." After that, it does not surprise us to learn that the Professor of Greek had taught so much he could no longer learn, and the Professor of Latin had learnt so much he could no longer teach. As to the undergraduates, a couplet of that time records that in the Littlego examination,—

> Though they wrote it all by rote
> They did not write it right.

Perhaps college education in our own day is after all no worse than it used to be.

The drama of the 'seventies was admittedly in a bad way and finds no defenders, "The first, faint streak of dawn" which Sir Arthur Pinero notes in the work of Robertson, faded with his death in 1871. The most successful play of the decade was "Our Boys," by H. J. Byron, which ran from Jan-

* THE EIGHTEEN-SEVENTIES. Essays by Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature. Edited by HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $3.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE MEREDITH. By ROBERT ESMONDE SENCOURT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $3.50.

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uary, 1875, till April, 1879; from this Sir Arthur quotes the tag of a speech in which a son who persisted in marrying to suit himself was threatened with disinheritance by an angry father: "And that's my ultipomatum!" Puns of this calibre were still tolerated by the public fifty years ago. Yet there were capable actors. Lady Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, Forbes-Robertson, Charles Wyndham, Henry Irving, and Ellen Terry came to the front during the decade. Tennyson, Swinburne, and Meredith were trying to write for the stage; but their well-meant efforts seemed fruitless! Sir Arthur Pinero is, of course, too modest to mention his own "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which was acted in 1893, when Bernard Shaw, though known as a novelist, pamphleteer, and journalist, had only just established that connection with the stage which enabled him, long years after, to proceed from dramatic criticism to dramatic authorship.

It was upon the novel that the reading public of the 'seventies depended for sustenance. Dickens and Thackeray were dead, but George Eliot reached in 1870-71 what Mr. Hugh Walpole regards as the height of her achievement in "Middlemarch." Trollope was producing some of his best work, and there were some remarkable beginners. Samuel Butler with his characteristic satire in "Erewhon" (1872) heralded the break-up of the Victorian tradition, though the importance of his message was hardly realized at the time. An even greater portent was Thomas Hardy.

It was early in 1869 that Thomas Hardy received a request from the publishers to whom he had sent the MS. of his first novel, "The Poor Man and the Lady," to come to see their reader about it in London. So Hardy posted up to town from Dorset (where he was helping to "restore" Gothic churches) and found in the backroom of Chapman and Hall's office in Piccadilly a handsome man wearing a frockcoat, buttoned at the waist and loose above, who gave him a spirited lecture on the modern novel and how it should be written: "The Poor Man and the Lady" was promising, but it wouldn't do; it was too radical in tone and would permanently antagonize the reviewers; and it ought to have a plot—if possible, a sensational plot. So Hardy went off, lost "The Poor Man and the Lady," and forgot about it. And George Meredith went on disregarding as a writer the advice he had given as a reader—producing novels that were too radical for his public and had no plot to speak of—much less a sensational one.

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Neither Meredith nor Hardy wanted to write novels. They were poets, but poets of such tortuous and broken utterance that even the young intellectuals of this more advanced age find them hard going. Yet it seems likely that upon their achievements in fiction the literary reputation of the latter half of the Victorian era will mainly rest. Meredith's repute as a novel writer is just now under a cloud, but Hardy's novels have held their own and even increased their hold upon the affections of the public. Meredith's heroines, downtrodden by convention, no longer interest women who are no longer downtrodden: Hardy's men and women, hard beset by fate, still interest a generation which finds the dice of destiny still loaded against some of its members. Hardy, though perhaps more of a philosopher, is less of a moralist than Meredith, and his rather grim pessimism is more acceptable to the post-war public than Meredith's exuberant optimism. Even more important is the fact that Hardy was always gently humble, willing to please his public, his publisher, his editor, and making his best efforts to do so! Meredith, offended at the lack of appreciation of his earlier work, held haughtily aloof and "wrote only to please himself."

Mr. R. E. Sencourt, Meredith's latest biographer, making discreet use of the recent contributions of Professor René Galland and Mr. R. M. Ellis, shows that many of Meredith's novels were intimately related to the events of his private life. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" was a reaction from his unhappy experience as the husband of Peacock's brilliant daughter, whom he refused to forgive after she had deserted him; he declined to see her even in her last illness, and she died dictating as her epitaph the lines of Tennyson:—

> Come not, when I am dead,
> To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
> To trample round my fallen head,
> And vex the unhappy dust thou would'st not save.
> There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;
> But thou, go by.

Meredith sublimated his bitter regret in the noble stanzas of "Modern Love." His adoration of Janet Duff-Gordon perhaps found expression there too—more certainly in "Evan Harrington," in which is shadowed also his separation from her, not only by his age, but by his lack of social position and a secure income. "Harry Richmond" is also, to some extent, romantic autobiography. "Beauchamp's Career" is an idealization of Meredith's friend Maxse, who was the radical candidate for Southampton in 1868. "Diana of the Crossways," it has been long known, was founded on the career of a brilliant Irish beauty of the time, Mrs. Caroline Norton, accused (unjustly, it would appear) of an intrigue with Lord Melbourne and of selling to the *Times* the secret of Peel's intention to repeal the Corn Laws. In the last instance, at any rate, Meredith was hampered in adjusting his conception of the heroine's character to the supposed facts—which later turned out not to be facts at all.

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Both Meredith and Hardy fell foul of the Victorian convention as to reticence in treating matters of sex—Meredith in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," in "Modern Love," and in nearly all of his later novels. Hardy's first real success, "Far from the Madding Crowd," which began to appear in the *Cornhill* in January, 1874, was threatened at the very outset by "a Grundian cloud"—as Leslie Stephen, the editor, called it: three separate old ladies had written to complain of an objectionable paragraph—apparently that in Chapter VIII, which set forth that Levi Everdene, the father of Bathsheba, the beautiful heroine, was so temperamental that he could not keep his affections fixed on his lawful wife when he felt that he was tied to her by bond. "But he cured it," says Coggan, "by making her take off her wedding-ring and calling her by her maiden name as they sat together after the shop was shut, and so 'a would get to fancy she was only his sweetheart, and not married to him at all. And as soon as he could thoroughly fancy he was doing wrong and committing the seventh, "a got to like her as well as ever, and they lived on a perfect picture of mutel love." This offended the old ladies and Hardy was admonished to go gingerly with the seduction of Fanny Robin. At this stage of his fortunes Hardy was amenable to editorial admonition, and soft pedalled the seduction scenes accordingly. In 1879, when "The Return of the Native" was appearing in *Belgravia*, he submitted to the editorial request to give the story a happy ending. When "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" appeared in the *Graphic* in 1891 Hardy not only agreed to the omission of the chapter describing the baptism of Tess's illegitimate baby, but had Angel Clare carry the dairymaids over the flooded lane in a wheelbarrow instead of in his arms, which the editor considered improper. These and other changes Hardy blue-pencilled in his own copy, restoring the original text when the novel was published in volume form. He suffered further editorial mutilation when "Jude the Obscure" ran serially in *Harpers* in 1894, and when the omitted passages were published in the book the reviewers made such an outcry that Hardy gave up writing novels altogether.

Mr. Hugh Walpole, in his article on the novels of the 'seventies, suggests that the New Morality was introduced by the New Woman; but it is a nice question whether the new Novel owed more to the New Woman than the new Woman owed to the new Novel. Meredith's Diana and Hardy's Tess (along with Ibsen's Nora) flew the banner of revolt as conspicuously and effectively as any organization for the emancipation of womankind, and now that the battle is won it would be ungrateful to forget their services.

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That excellent critic, C. E. Montague, in one of his last articles, pointed out that the Victorians, impressed by the leading position of England at the time, felt the duty to give a lead to the modern democratic nations; the poets, and even the novelists, thought of themselves as seers as well as artists. Meredith, though saved by the Comic Spirit from taking himself too seriously, felt the novel needed to be "fortified by philosophy," and used it to sound a trumpet call for courage, intelligence, and good humor in face of difficult circumstances. Hardy, more modest, disowned the philosopher's robe, but uttered with combined art and passion a plea for pity and sympathy for those whom circumstances overwhelmed. Both spoke with the earnest tone of personal conviction in a time of achievement. The writers of the present generation, which is one of disenchantment, speak with a tone of sceptical disillusion. They say very cleverly—and even brilliantly—how much they disbelieve. It is not an attitude habitual to the Anglo-Saxon mind, or even to the human race; and it may well be that the more confident tone and responsible attitude of the Victorian writers will come back into favor. At any rate it is too soon to decide that authors of the intelligence, sympathy, and artistic power of Meredith and Hardy have nothing to say to any generation except their own.

A Navajo Tale

LAUGHING BOY. By Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929.

Reviewed by Mary Austin

WERE it nothing other, this is a book for middle age to read with surreptitious curling of the corners of the lips and wiping of the dew of youth from the eyes. It is the impossible thing so easily done that the reader does not know that one of the most obstinate literary traditions, the most cherished of obfuscating errors of anthropo-socio-psychological currency, is reduced by it to the condition of a shopworn counterfeit. For "Laughing Boy" is a true story of primitive love. Not the moving-picture-Tin-pan-Alley-all-day-sucker-sexy-saxophone obviousness which goes by that name, but an authentic story of man and woman under conditions in which white thinking is a merely incidental intrusion.

To be exact, "Laughing Boy" is the story of a Navajo lad "lean, tall, handsome . . . with a new cheap headband and a borrowed silver belt" . . . riding to a dance, "treasuring his hunger because of the feasting to come"; and Slim-Girl, "dark and slight like a wisp of grass,"—dancing with "the happiness of a natural people to whom but few things happen."

The background of the story is of Navajo life in a semi-pastoral condition. The whole is admirably rendered, with that complete mastery over the material which conceals from the reader the profoundly studious extent of the writer's knowledge. We have had novels of primitive life before this, written by archæologists or anthropologists, who failed to conceal for a single page that such was their derivation. We have had novels written by professional novelists—Jack London's "Before Adam," for example—in which an emotional release of imperfectly civilized emotion has been posed against an imagined primitive environment, abrogating most of the things that anthropologists know about it.

There are also stories in which primitive life has been so carefully observed and so skilfully objectivized that its truth appears to be rendered with full effect. In all such tales—Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" occurs to me as a notable instance—the focus of emotional interest is in the white man or woman around whom the story is plotted. But I do not recall a single other long story of primitive love in which the story complex is so completely kept within its native color and tone. There is in Mr. La Farge's story an extraordinarily deft use of the intrusive white element, in developing the character of Slim-Girl; so deft that one suspects that many readers will miss altogether the measure it affords of the tragic failure of our Indian Bureau system of "educating" the Indian. To the emotional content of the story it adds that subtly acrid tang of tragedy which is an indispensable concomitant of beauty in art. And yet with the skill which argues well for Mr. La Farge's future as a literary artist, it is not permitted to become more than an accent to the essential Navajo veracity of his story.

Oliver La Farge has lived with the Navajoes so intimately as to be mistaken for one of them by their hereditary protagonists, the Hopi, but his use of the minutæ of Navajo life, social custom, and ceremonial obligation, is nowhere pushed to the point of inquiry on the part of the reader as to how he came to know so much, and whether it is known truly.

The question, if any question does arise about a work which is sufficiently well handled to be read for interest and charm alone, will not be a question of authenticity of the material. It will be a question raised by the violence "Laughing Boy" does

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to a long entertained prepossession as to the way primitive lovers meet and mate and maintain their married relations. For this is no tale of a Cave Man knocking down a reluctant she and dragging her to his den by the hair—a notion that ought long ago to have been relegated to the category of the belly-ripping exploit of the ogre in Jack-the-Giant-Killer. Neither does Mr. La Farge's story bear any resemblance to the Freudian appetites and repressions, the alternate hysteria and machoism, which furnishes forth the materia novellæ of the pseudo-intellectual. How can any picture of primitive love be true even to the specialized type of the Navajo, which bears so little resemblance to the literary stereotype? The only answer to that is the one your reviewer has been making for a long time to ears indisposed to listen, that our whole concept of beginning love-life is in serious need of revision. In so far as I know anything about Indian marriage, it is as Mr. La Farge draws it. These are the emotions, the tendernesses, the decencies, and loyalties of love in social adolescence. This is the way in which the primitive husband waits upon the decisions of his woman in respect to her children; this is the way in which a careful wife considers her husband's standing with the tribesmen. And in this manner they work together for their common foothold in the wilderness. Incidentally, although it will probably escape the average reader, this is the freedom of individual action which the Amerind primitive countenances within the married relation. And Mr. La Farge might, if his story plot had admitted such a conclusion, have shown the Navajo couple continuing in the same tender freshness of sentiment for the whole of their natural lives. Not all primitive couples, for there are individual differences among primitives. But just as the tribal consciousness can respond unintermittently and rise to ecstacy on a drum rhythm, or in interminably repeated phrase of recitative that would drive the White man crazy, so it can continue to reenact the few freshly youthful progressions of love life.

Without anywhere stating it as a thesis, Mr. La Farge has remained faithful to this primitive capacity for renewal. Never at any point does he resort to the devices of sophistication by "building up" the passions which bring about the final crash of the story. Slim-Girl is killed because killing comes easier in her world, as loving does, requires no sedulous cherishing to make it serve; and grief, in its naturalness, is beautiful and grave. "Laughing Boy" is a good story, but it is still better as an exposition of the essential worthness of the animal called man.

An Exile from Destiny

THE GOLDEN WIND. By TAKASHI OHTA and MARGARET SPERRY. New York: Charles Boni. Paper Books. 1929. 75 cents.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

COLORED with all the dark fatalism of the Old China and the restlessness of the New, "The Golden Wind" by Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry is a beautifully written narrative of the wanderings of a young Japanese, exiled in body from his homeland and in spirit from his destiny.

Coming into China upon an exile, assumed to save his father, he serves with the armies of a Manchurian war lord, becomes one of the bandit brotherhood of the Kin of the Everlasting Pine, and, to serve a beautiful woman, crosses the interminable stretches of the war-wracked nation. He is fastidiously chaste, but three women, Lee, Nadja, Kay, themselves all exiles, touch and color his life. He learns wisdom in the Temple of Mysterious Heaven where young priests, contemptuous of the rituals they chant, plot secretly for the coming of New China. At last in Bombay he pours out his story and his heart into the ears of a beautiful prostitute only to find her deaf. The odyssey goes on without any end and the book comes to a close as he sails for Cape Town and the coasts of Brazil.

The struggles of his spiritual exile are expressed in dialogue typically Eastern in its philosophy. At the outset a sage who points him on his way tells him, "Forever you will be exiled from the beauty that you love; if you will beware of lovely women and games of chance, you can go toward the west and there your life may bring you wisdom." But at the end of that long journeying through war and banditry and love, he comes to no greater wisdom about his own future than this, given him by another wise old man in the Temple of Mysterious Heaven, "The wind upon which you ride will never rest; forever you are doomed to be carried by the secret mysteries of chance. Through this you may achieve nobility."

"The Golden Wind" is the product of an interesting collaboration. Mr. Ohta, out of his own past, has furnished a story full of dramatic incident and color. Miss Sperry has given shape and pattern to his story and clothed it all in a fine, vivid prose which has about it a quality as Eastern as the story. She has taken advantage of the gorgeous imagery of the Chinese scene. Some of her exquisite sentences are worth quoting. Close upon the end of the narrative she writes:

> Over Takawo a cold wind blows. Stillness descends; he feels himself lost; shipwrecked as on the shore of some forgotten star.

And there is beauty, too, when she describes the little deaf prostitute and the three women of her hero's life:

> Hers a face less beautiful than Lee's, and more the child's;

Jacket design for "Laughing Boy."

> her body less rich than Nadja's, for it seems purified with pain; no calm assurance as in Kay, for this girl bears in her eyes, upon her lips, within her hands, the pathos of the prisoned spirit.

In the matter of characterization the conflict of tradition between the collaborators—the conflict of Eastern fatalism and Western romance—seems to have prevented a true understanding of the hero. He is sometimes a modern prototype of the perpetually doomed Wandering Jew. At other times he seems more like the sweet Galahad questing the Holy Grail. This lack of a clear understanding of the young hero, Takawo Muto, keeps his story from possessing the quality of conviction. Since we are never quite gripped by the reality of the character of Muto, we are never moved by the poignancy of his exile. In the whole matter of characterization the work of the collaborators seems far below their achievement in the field of external description. Few of the figures in the book possess the qualities of life. The three women Muto loves are sentimental pictures of feminine perfection and the men—war lords, bandits, priests—are the conventional characters of the conventional Chinese story. The only character in the whole book who seems original and truthful is the little deaf prostitute of the House of the Plum. She is a minor character but more convincing than any of those who play more important roles.

It is as an imaginative, but fundamentally truthful, picture of modern China that "The Golden Wind" excels. As such it is convincing and beautiful. The picture rather than the characters dominate the book, and this picture drawn by Miss Sperry and Mr. Ohta of that new China, which we know only through the staccato accounts of the daily press, is an altogether fine piece of work.

The book is the first issue of the "Paper Books" published by Charles Boni. In spite of its moderate price this first book is a beautiful production. It is well printed upon good paper and is firmly bound. The cover and end papers designed by Rockwell Kent add beauty to the practicability of the volume. For persons who can afford it the volume is well fitted for any type of more elaborate private binding.

A Glorious Spree

THE EMBEZZLERS. By VALENTINE KATAEV. Translated by L. ZARINE. New York: The Dial Press. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. VALENTINE KATAEV, whoever he may be, is evidently an unusual man. He can live in and breathe the air of Bolshevik Russia, which is a good deal like living in the front-line trenches on an active front, or in an earthquake, or on the tenth floor of a hotel with smoke and fire billowing from the lower-story windows, and let it all run off him like water off a duck. He has one of the gifts of the genuine artist—the power to preoccupy himself with his own mood, regardless of what is being said, done, or thought about him.

In "The Embezzlers" he has written a delightfully amusing farce, which some have compared to Gogol's "Dead Souls," and which, for those unfamiliar with Gogol's classic, might almost as well be compared with some of the more riotous comedy of Dickens. In it, that is to say, we get away completely from life, not only as it "is," but as it may be "interpreted" by the professing journalist or those journalists once-removed, who produce most of our successful fiction.

We enter, that is to say, a world in which people, houses, horses, trees, although they may look the same, are not the same, any more than their words, motives, functions are the same, for the simple reason that they have been passed through, not merely an individual temperament, but a temperament usurped by a certain mood, so strong and lasting, that as long as they remain within view and hearing, they are bent and controlled by it, just as a landscape is transformed by moonlight or mist. A work of imagination, in short, or inspiration, if you prefer; of one of those winds which bloweth when it listeth, but everybody knows when it's there.

The mood which took hold of Mr. Kataev in this case happened to be whimsical. Suppose in this hard, new, tightly-regimented Russia, where all are voluntarily or forcibly poor, where even a modest accumulation is anathema, and everybody is supposed to be stripped and scowling, working for the common good, one were suddenly to jump over the traces, pocket a fortune which happened to be lying under one's nose, and start out, in a *milieu* where everybody was doing just the other thing, to make one's wildest dreams come true? Suppose that Philip Stephanovitch Prohoroff, middle-aged, slightly liverish chief accountant in one of the state "trusts" on Meat Market Street, on one of those dismal, drizzling, Moscow November days, when a cold rain pours down unceasingly and every turn reeks of gas escaping from broken pipes and green lamps burn all day long over the desks of the office-workers—suppose that Philip Stephanovitch, who underneath his drab exterior had a little buried streak of adventure and an imperceptible sense of superiority over those about him, "a patient and harmless haughtiness," should suddenly, but without hurry or excitement, pocket the funds for the monthly payroll, and walk out into the rain to realize all the dreams that had gathered about a phrase read years ago in a certain novel of high life and engraved on Philip Stephanovitch's heart:

"Count Guido jumped on his horse . . . !"

Well, Philip Stephanovitch does just that, and he is accompanied by one of the clerks in the same department, known as Young Ivan. On its surface, the whole story is the narrative of a prolonged drunk. Elevated enough to be safely above their usual fears and worries, but not too much to know what is going on about them, they drift in their pleasant semi-consciousness about Russia for a few weeks—to Leningrad and its meagre and macabre night-life, even down into the provinces and the sodden village from which Young Ivan came. And all the time they are just on the edge of being caught, and each time the suspicious individuals whom they take to be detectives turn out to be adventurers more or less in the same case as themselves!

Philip Stephanovitch's explanation of their mysterious mission is that they are "investigators from the centre," and once, on a train near Kharkov, the third occupant of their compartment, who is reading the Criminal Code and whom he feels sure, represents their Nemesis, turns out to be an investigator, too. "Yes," he admits, "I also investigate, or it is

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more correct to say I have finished investigating. I have investigated everything possible and am now returning home."

After a few extremely cautious and diplomatic observations on both sides, during which the stranger assures Philip Stephanovitch that economy in investigating is of the utmost importance, "without economy, reconnoitering can take the most ugly form and give no pleasure at all," he asks if they have investigated in the Crimea.

"No? That is a mistake. The grape season in the Crimea is absolutely wonderful. What a sea! What women! I swear to you before heaven, never in my life have I seen such women. Did you visit the Caucasus?"

Philip Stephanovitch shook his head gloomily:

"My dear sir," the engineer didn't exclaim but almost sang, *extracting the utmost richness of heartfelt surprise.* "My dear. You were not in the Caucasus! I cannot believe my own ears! It is unheard of! Not to investigate the Caucasus, with your wealth! But in that case you haven't seen anything if you haven't seen the Caucasus—it's a thousand and one nights—a fairy tale of Scheherazade—a poem! The Caucasian military road alone is worth I don't know what—it cannot be imagined—for twenty roubles they drive you in an automobile between sky and earth, and round about in the mountain slopes, cliffs, 'shaslik,' Circassian girls, wine of Kakhetia in large jars—in a word, a symphony of sensations!

"Of course! If I were in your place I should have travelled exclusively, all my life, in *wagon-lits.* But, alas, you must cut your coat according to your cloth. However, with a certain amount of use one can, even in hard carriages, arrange oneself in a certain amount of comfort. But for you, Philip Stephanovitch—pardon me for the frankness—it must be simply shameful to travel about in third-class compartments. And so, my dear, to the Caucasus, to the Caucasus! You travel, and through the plate-glass window of the compartment you see a marvellous panorama, a picture gallery. First meadows, oxen, natives, misty contours of mountain ranges . . . further on moss and dry shrubbery. And then green valleys, covered with vegetation, where birds sing and the deer jump, and you see people high up in the hills, and sheep moving about in the green pastures. A wonderful spectacle! Byronic!"

Possibly you must know present-day Russia and have breathed its curious air to get the full satiric force of this. Possibly not. In any case, you will enjoy Mr. Kataev's story. It will stand on its own feet anywhere as farce of the first order; it is an antidote to a lot of pompous bunk on both sides of the Russian argument; and it does, really, as most of the works for which that claim is made do not, continue in the tradition of the great Russian writers.

A New Hybrid

THE NOISE THAT TIME MAKES. By MERRILL MOORE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WERE it not for his first subtitle, I venture to doubt whether most readers would realize that Merrill Moore, a definitely modern poet, has chosen the most classic of forms for his medium. Typography and tradition notwithstanding, "The Noise that Time Makes" is composed entirely of sonnets; and it is no secret among those who know the *Fugitives* that Merrill Moore, M.D., at the age of twenty-five, has composed no less than two thousand such sonnets. Nor is it a fiction that Moore learned shorthand in order to get more of his fourteen-liners done between class-room and laboratory. It should be said at once that neither Wyatt nor Philip Sidney would have sponsored, had they even recognized, Moore's employment of the key with which Shakespeare unlocked his art. Yet a group of more recent English poets were quick to identify them. "But, of course," said one who happened to be Ralph Hodgson, "of course these poems are true to form in spite of their informality. You might say that these are the first fruits from the old sonnet stock—a new hybrid: the American sonnet."

I think Moore might accept the characterization. The cis-Atlantic accents, the native speed and syncopation, so different from English and Italian *tempi*, the abrupt approach and swift abandonment are not only occasioned by local backgrounds, but are the very essence of these poems. To the academe, the verses may be interesting chiefly as points of attack; the purist may find in them a chamber of technical horrors. As a sonneteer in the strict sense, Moore commits every known heresy and invents several new ones. His rhyme-schemes seem as haphazard as they are numerous; the rhymes themselves are suspiciously unorthodox. His lines, instead of conforming to a precise meter, stretch themselves flexibly as their author throws in four or five extra syllables with prodigal nonchalance. His stanzas, instead of splitting neatly into customary octave and sestet, divide themselves anywhere with what seems sheer perversity.

The title poem is an excellent example of Moore's contrarity. The subject is a stock poetic one and yet, in likening an ancient commonplace to one of modernity's daily miracles, the poet makes a most effective use of expected harmony and unforeseen dissonance. The understatements, the speech-inflections, the subtle shift from prose to poetic pitch are a charm in themselves:

Hold the receiver of a telephone
To your ear when no one is talking on the line
And what may at first sound to you like the whine
Of wind over distant wires is Time's own
Garments brushing against a windy cloud.

But there is nothing arbitrary about these "American sonnets." The innovations are essentially reasonable, and the reasons for them are not erudite or complex but quite simple. Merrill Moore's sonnets are, in some ways, the most spontaneous ever written in America, and their "naturalness" is reflected in their structure. The rhythms are based on the rise and fall of the breath rather than on the beat of the metronome. It is not scansion but stress which determines the line-length. The ideas in each sonnet—the shift of emphasis, the coupling of rhymes, the internal appositions—are responsible for the strange but always logical departures in spacing. Sometimes the author adds a title which, included in the rhyme-scheme, is actually a part of the poem (*vide* "Old Men and Old Women Going Home on the Street Car" or "Helen Told Me What Was in Her Head"), and so calmly manufactures a fifteen-line sonnet.

But these are matters for the specialist, questions of typography and technique are, after all, little more than the craftsman's "shop." Far different is Merrill Moore's use of his material. Even the least academic reader will realize that though this young poet may talk for a considerable section of the country, he talks (and makes) his own conversation. He derives from no one; he has that "tone of voice" which is the personal and unmistakable property of the poet. His is a peculiar and sprightly idiom; it turns rapidly or leisurely, suiting its pace to the subjects which are limited only by Moore's seemingly unlimited imagination. Scarcely two of his poems are alike in shape or theme. They present with kaleidoscopic change no sequence, but a series of unrelated patterns impacting on each other. Each frame of fourteen lines constructs another drama, an epigram, a case-history, a broad whimsicality, an echo of childhood, a ghost story, a school of philosophy, a dream fragment, a problem in metaphysics. This, obviously, is a poetry not of association but of disassociation; it is explosive not integrative.

SHOT WHO? JIM LANE!

When he was shot he toppled to the ground
As if the toughened posts that were his thighs
Had felt that all that held them up were lies,
Weak lies, that suddenly someone had found
Out all that was true about them.
It did not seem
Like the crashing of a stalwart forest oak,
But like a frail staff that a sharp wind broke,
Or something insubstantial in a dream.

I never thought Jim Lane would fall like that.

He'd sworn that bullets must be gold to find him;
That when they came toward him he made them mind him
By means he knew,
just as a barn-yard cat
Can keep a pack of leaping dogs at bay
By concentrating and looking a certain way.

This sonnet is typical and yet not average. The average is difficult to establish since, in this case, the norm can only be determined by continued accumulation.

The charm of such poetry is its continual freshness, something which gives it the quality of improvisation. This is, of course, a danger; for when Moore, seated before his instrument, lets his fingers wander as they list, his spontaneous playing tends towards mere fluency which is neither a virtue nor virtuosity. Nor has Moore yet attained the breath which enlarges the sonnets of Millay and Robinson. His lines have some of the banter, the philosophic play of Frost, but the *timbre* is, as one might expect, lighter and the note is often struck without being sustained. Yet gravity is never far off; even the individual lines reveal the serious eye and sensitive touch. "What if small birds are peppering the sky" (an epithet brilliant and exact), "Allowing fish-like thoughts to escape in thin streams trickling through the mind," "Time's own garments brushing against a windy cloud," "bird's indeclinable twitter," "words flowed like rotten water out of a tepid vessel." These are straightforward enough. Yet how extraordinary an effect is achieved by the mingling of casual and colossal in "Book of How," which is, in short, a series of explanations "fading off into horizons too swift for explanations." The contrasted ironies and sympathies are never at rest; created quickly, registered immediately, they flash and fly off as suddenly as they came.

This is to admit that Merrill Moore has not yet achieved that integration which permits definite labels. No critic, reviewing a poet of twenty-five should postulate finality. Whatever maturity may hold for Moore, his gift at this moment is rich. He is endowed with an unusual range, a lavish fancy, an intelligence sombre and yet buoyant; his is a sensitivity which has evolved an alert and independent style. The sonnets quoted ought to establish this; further proof may be found in the title-poem, in "Warning to One," "Pandora and the Moon," "Abschied," "Antwort," "Just Then the Door," "He Made the World as a Toy to Give His Mistress," "Waiting for the Earth to Cool," and a dozen others. These are documents of more than personal reaction; they go deeper than scene or character. Whether or not medicine remains Merrill Moore's profession, there can be no doubt that poetry is his confession. To the list of our "newest" poets—the list that begins with Léonie Adams, Robinson Jeffers, Archibald MacLeish, Allen Tate, Joseph Moncure March, Phelps Putnam—one must add the quick syllables of Merrill Moore.

Mr. (not Mrs.) Grundy

(*Continued from page* 361)

Mr. Grundy, nothing but airplanes and night riders from Canada will be able to break through the customs wall they will erect.

The technique is so simple that only an unpractical class would have missed such opportunities. Think what Mr. Grundy could have done for the American translation of the Bible. Here is a clear case of unfair competition. The Bible is still the best-selling book in America; but it is the King James version that sells most widely, a translation produced abroad under costs and standards of living notoriously lower than ours. Think what he might do for the American language, for an American religion, for a strictly American morality!

Mr. Grundy himself has been a Napoleon of wool and cotton, but our Mr. Grundy will be a Napoleon of thought. He will protect the producer of ideas against the consumer's unfortunate tendency to purchase imported goods, he will make the reader buy what is offered to him because there will be nothing else. He will save our infant industry of thought from the menace of Wells, Shaw, Einstein, Spengler, Croce, Valéry, Rolland; and, when the system gets well oiled, from Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Hardy, France, even Goethe, Shakespeare, and Dante. But he must hurry, or the Soviets, who also know what they want will be ahead of him.

The Editors of the *Saturday Review* have been informed that certain of their readers who are desirous of entering the contest for the best essay embodying the attitude of the younger generation toward the literary and critical thought of the day, are prevented from so doing because the shortness of the time allowed for the contest is an insuperable obstacle to those at a distance. The closing date for the submission of manuscripts has therefore been extended from noon on November 15, 1929, to noon on Saturday, December 14, 1929.

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Science in the Britannica*

By JAMES R. ANGELL

Mr. Allan Nevins's recent survey of the Encyclopædia Britannica in these columns dealt at the request of the Editors more especially with the literary, biographical, and historical aspects of the work. Its scientific, psychological, and educational features are reviewed by the President of Yale University in the following article.

THE encyclopædia seems to have been an ideal vaguely cherished by the earliest scholars of antiquity, but until the invention of printing, the practical difficulties in the way of execution were almost insuperable. Nevertheless, Pliny's great natural history in many respects deserves to rank among the encyclopædias of our own day, and there are half a dozen examples of efforts at such works during the Middle Ages. From the fifteenth century on there have been repeated attempts attaining varying degrees of success, with the great French Encyclopædia, dating from the revolutionary period, as perhaps the most famous, though its frankly propagandist character puts it in a class quite apart.

A great encyclopædia deserves to rank very high among the accomplishments of the human intellect, although, thanks to that familiarity which is said to breed contempt, we accept its existence quite casually. The physical scientist gratefully acknowledges his obligation to the tables of constants and his respect for the scholars who prepared them. The astronomer similarly pays tribute to the astronomical catalogues and tables, without which his labor would be rendered immensely more difficult. And again, the mathematician and the engineer are constantly indebted to tabular digests of material, lacking which they must at vast expense of time and effort make their own computations. Yet the labor involved in any of these important scientific achievements and the order of intelligence required for their successful execution, does not excel that which is represented in the preparation of a general encyclopædia, and in many respects the task is much easier.

Having participated in the preparation of three encyclopædias, two general and one technical, I have had to face the innumerable problems which confront an editor, and to consider what are the demands such a work must reasonably meet, and what the ideals at which it should aim. Among the urgent requirements, I should rate the following as especially imperative.

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First of all one expects accurate and authoritative articles. This means that they must be substantially free from error in the light of contemporary knowledge, and be written by men of established reputation. Both requirements are extremely difficult to comply with. Accuracy of statement is a fine art for which exact knowledge is only the first essential, and men of recognized scholarly standing often cannot be persuaded to interrupt their immediate work in order to undertake a new and perplexing task.

In the next place, the articles must strike a nice balance between merely dry outlines of subjects on the one hand, and complete treatises on the other. The latter alternative is for obvious reasons out of the question. But the brief presentation is always in danger of proving inadequate, or unintelligible. The article which is at once accurate, concise, and substantially comprehensive in the impression it conveys is no easy thing to achieve, and few sound scholars disclose any considerable *flair* for its composition.

Again, one is entitled to expect, if not grace and distinction in literary style, at least downright lucidity, so that the reader is spared needless effort merely to apprehend correctly the author's meaning.

Most difficult perhaps of all the editor's tasks is that of determining what subjects shall be included, what excluded, and what balance shall be aimed at among those which are admitted; for there is a wide latitude in the method of dealing with all these problems, no matter what principle is in theory adopted for guidance; and in the last analysis the result depends upon the judgment, taste, and wisdom of the editor himself.

There are many other desiderata which an encyclopædia must satisfy, but I turn aside from these to inquire how the new Britannica meets the requirements already formulated.

It is universally recognized that the Encyclopædia Britannica has a great tradition of scholarship painstakingly built up since the first edition of 1771. It is the simple truth to say that the present edition abundantly maintains this tradition, while developing many features of the utmost value, that were either wholly lacking, or much less adequately represented in the earlier editions. The more carefully I have examined the text, the more profound has become my admiration for this great monument to human intelligence.

On the score of accuracy the critic is naturally confined in his judgments to those fields in which he is himself reasonably proficient. Proceeding on this principle, I have sought in the articles on psychology (and the immediately related sciences), in those on philosophy and on education—with all of which subjects I have at one time or another enjoyed a somewhat intimate contact—to discover material errors. In this I have almost entirely failed. Occasional minor blunders there doubtless are— inevitably. There are some expressions of opinion regarding facts or trends with which I do not agree. But these are all within the range of legitimate differences of view and need not qualify my statement. Possibly more confusing to the unsophisticated reader are the discrepancies where writers of different articles convey different impressions when they happen to touch on common topics. This is a

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difficulty inseparable from the securing of eminent scholars to write each on his own specialty. I have noticed only a few instances of it; but it is a far lesser evil than to have a coercive editorial reconciliation of divergence at the expense of truthfulness to individual conviction and to prevailing circumstances.

While the prestige of the great article on psychology written by James Ward for the ninth edition will hardly be repeated by the present article of Stout and Mace, the latter is much more lucid than its predecessor and represents admirably the more traditional classical view of the present generation. It will hardly please the *Gestalt* psychologists, nor the behaviorists, nor the psycho-analysts; but to please all of them at once would be quite literally impossible. After all, no single individualistic pronouncement on basic attitude and principles can longer justly represent the situation, and the wide ranging articles on special psychological subjects give an extraordinarily correct and informing impression of contemporary conditions. The change from the days when Ward wrote is perhaps in no way more strikingly evinced than by the fact that the article "Psychology" and the article "Comparative Psychology" are of almost identical length. The latter division of psychology has in effect been created and developed since Ward's article appeared.

In the delicate matter of dealing with controverted issues the treatment is for the most part highly objective and detached. The article on "behaviorism" affords one of the few exceptions—a fact not without its ironic touch in view of the insistence of this school on purely objective methods. The reader inevitably senses that behaviorism is still a "cause" to be defended. It may be added that in its extremer claims it is already a lost cause.

In the scientific fields most closely allied with psychology, e. g. neurology, I find the same informing and comprehensive treatment as in psychology itself.

In this connection may be mentioned the admirable article on organic evolution, which expounds an extremely complicated subject with great simplicity. Strangely enough there is no article discussing the larger and more general implications of the term "evolution" as it applies, for example, to stellar and geological changes, although there is casual reference to the topic in the article on mental evolution. Even the article on astronomy gives but slight clue to the extraordinarily interesting subject of star development, for which one must turn to the article on stars, where it is briefly presented. In the article on the earth one finds a brief exposition of the presumed course of terrestrial evolution, but without cross reference to the other phases of evolutionary process. These are examples of procedure which are doubtless justifiable, but which evidently might have been dealt with differently, and perhaps to advantage.

In many respects the lucid exposition of philosophical subjects presents one of the most trying tasks for a general encyclopædia. The layman does not expect to follow easily, if at all, the discussion of technical mathematical issues; but he is apt to be annoyed and baffled if he finds difficulty in apprehending philosophical questions, although many of these are quite as abstruse and complex as those of mathematics. Naturally the several writers who deal with these topics have attained quite different results, yet as a group they seem to me remarkably successful. Mr. Bertrand Russell's article on philosophical relativity, for example, is unequivocally brilliant—both in form and in substance. The interesting article on "holism" is an excellent instance of the vigorous effort of the editors to make the work thoroughly "up to date" in a legitimate sense of that phrase.

The articles on education may well flatter American vanity for they deal at far greater length than has hitherto been common with the principles and practices of our educational system. They are perhaps somewhat less judicial and critical than would be the case had they not been in general written by Americans, but they are certainly by reason of that fact more sympathetically informed. Taken in conjunction with the articles on particular institutions, e. g. Oxford, Cambridge, the University of Paris, etc., they give thorough and discerning accounts of education both ancient and modern.

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Passing to the next point, i. e. the authoritative status of the writers, the array is most impressive and indicates at once that the peculiar and recognized position of the Britannica has enabled it to secure the coöperation of scholars of the very highest distinction. It would be tedious to rehearse the lists. But when one finds men like Bohr and Rutherford and Michelson and Millikan,—to use but a single field for illustration,—responsible for leading articles, there can be no further question of the scholarly reliability of the work. Needless to say, there are many writers of far less repute than those cited, but in examining the lists I have not found the name of any person whom I should regard as incompetent to serve, nor have I remarked any field in which there were not listed as contributors men recognized as the leaders in their specialties.

The range of subjects which the volumes cover perhaps justifies the title "encyclopædia" more completely than any work which has preceded. By the insertion of large numbers of articles which are hardly more than definitions, it has approached the field of the dictionary; but it has thus immensely augmented its value for the ordinary layman, and especially by the introduction in this manner of new technical scientific terms, which are not to be found in the ordinary dictionary. The incorporation of brief biographies, even of living persons, is a significant departure from usual encyclopædia practice. This procedure, like that of the complete publication of the entire work at one time, is but another manifestation of the effort to bring the material literally up to date. The dangers incurred by this principle are obvious enough—superficiality, errors, delay at some unnecessary points, while others are hurried, etc.—but the net effect is unquestionably very impressive, and competent editing has clearly minimized the perils.

In the matter of the balance of the articles against one another, no two editors—nor readers for that matter—could possibly agree completely. To

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* THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Fourteenth Edition. Edited by J. L. GARVIN and FRANKLIN H. HOOPER. New York: The Encyclopædia Britannica Co. 1929. 24 vols.

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give Bishop Berkeley a little over a page and to comparative psychology fifteen pages, probably reflects correctly current interest in these two subjects, even among intelligent folk. Whether it fairly represents the more far-seeing and more enduring judgments, which a work like the Britannica may reasonably be expected to reflect, may possibly be questioned. I can only say that in my own reading, dictated by my immediate personal interest, I have found few articles that seemed too long and none that seemed seriously inadequate.

Needless to say, the work is provided with an excellent system of cross references, which occasionally lapses, as I have indicated above; and also with good brief bibliographies for all leading articles. Pictorial illustration has been carried further than in any comparable work within my knowledge. Diagrams and line etchings occur on almost every page, while maps, admirably executed photogravures, and colored plates of great beauty, are lavishly supplied. Indeed, if there is anything at all wasteful in the volumes it is perhaps the sacrifice of the reverse side of so many photographic plates. But the esthetic effect of the work is thereby greatly enhanced. The typography, be it said in passing, is quite up to the severe standards set in the last few editions.

The editor has insisted upon and secured a high order of clarity in his text. In many articles there is also distinct literary value quite apart from the worth of the information conveyed. The result is that one reads with a sense of pleasurable ease quite unexpected in the usual excursion into an encyclopædia.

The extraordinary and unprecedented growth of knowledge in the last few decades, to say nothing of the great world convulsion of 1914-1918 with its shattering effects upon political, economic, social, and geographical relations, renders a good follow sympathetically any of the momentous trends of our time. The editors of the Britannica, fully encyclopædia an absolute necessity for anyone who would intelligently read contemporary literature, or sensing this situation, have attempted to deal with all essential contemporary interests in the most comprehensive and informing way. This policy breaks frankly with older traditions and produces some anomalies which may shock the antiquarian and the rock-ribbed conservative. Six pages given to Florence, three to French Equatorial Africa, and nineteen to football, suggest changes in the scale of values known to our Victorian forebears that are little short of revolutionary. But the result is a work of consuming interest and one which establishes a standard that will long remain unchallenged.

One More to Come

CARLYLE TO THREESCORE-AND-TEN. (1853-1865). By David Alec Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $6.

Reviewed by Gerald Carson

THIS book carries Carlyle past the climax of his productive literary life. There remains only one more volume to come and Mr. Wilson will have completed his great task, which, like Carlyle's "Frederick," has steadily lengthened out before him as his material and inspiration beckoned him onward.

The main facts of his life, Carlyle once exclaimed, could be known to himself alone. He was alluding no doubt to that sacred inwardness of experience which can never become a part of external, recorded life; but Mr. Wilson, who has digested mountains of material, who, one is tempted to say, owns and possesses all that can be saved or recovered on the subject, has nevertheless the biographer's priceless gift of making his man come alive again!

One might regard this fifth volume of the Wilson biography as a case study of the creative mechanics whereby monumental literary works are born. Its major theme is the production of Carlyle's gigantic effort, "Frederick the Great."

There is a general feeling now that "Frederick" cost Carlyle more than it was worth, and that, in smaller wise, it does not reward the reader in proportion to the effort which must be expended upon its conquest. "Frederick" is a "masterpiece," to be looked at respectfully on library shelves—and to be allowed to remain there.

History is not now regarded as a proper vehicle for romance or drama or political philosophy; the rise of the scientific historian has displaced Carlyle as a historian. Our taste for a simpler, less idiosyncratic style has made Carlyle less admired as a literary artist; and, perhaps the most important consideration of all, the intellectual climate of the present generation is not well adapted to Carlyle's moral ideas.

Long before Carlyle reached the peak of his influence James Martineau made the prophesy that Carlyle "will descend from the high level of faith to the tranquil honors of literature." This is just and true. The stream of life goes on. The battle sweeps over a new terrain. The most interesting aspect of Carlyle, and the most vital one now, is the character of the man.

Ideas and problems change but the fascination of the richly endowed human being remains. Like Ben Jonson, like Dr. Johnson, Carlyle remains one of the stalwart personalities of English literature. Whatever Mr. Wilson's general ideas about Carlyle's teaching and influence, it is his practice to write a *life*, in which a man, Thomas Carlyle, true to the Carlylean concept, is seen down the corridor of the years, fulfilling his fate.

The Stupid General Public

HOW TO TURN PEOPLE INTO GOLD. By Kenneth M. Goode. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by Fred C. Kelly

Author of "Human Nature in Business"

MR. GOODE in this book undertakes to show that conversion of human nature into minted coin of the realm is a scientifically sound process—on the theory that human nature is a fairly constant quantity to be studied and harnessed by manufacturers, merchants, and advertisers.

An equally truthful title for his volume would have been: Capitalizing Human Stupidities. Fact is, I have long had it in mind to write a book under that very title. The more one looks into this force called human nature, the more one is likely to conclude that the average man is ludicrously inclined to be foolish, always easy prey for those who make a business of turning his human frailties to cash. It seems doubtful if man considered in the mass, is really a thinking animal at all. If he were, he wouldn't be so easily predictable. The truly smart man is capable of doing something surprising. But the average man almost never does anything not easily guessed in advance by those who have had him under glass and studied him. As one reads a book, such as Mr. Goode's, containing ample evidence of the average person's heavy-footed behavior, it is not easy to avoid a feeling of amused contempt for the General Public.

Mr. Goode points out early in his volume that (because of the innate stupidity of the average man) a clever executive must ignore his own tastes.

> The very fact that he has gained a commanding position is itself the best possible proof he is not an average man. An executive attains that honor—nine times out of ten—primarily through qualities that differentiate him from the ordinary run. This is even truer of an expert. Only by discounting personal tastes can these gentlemen avoid shooting over their customers' heads.

Of course this theory must not be taken too seriously, since everybody knows that many a successful executive owes his position mainly to his ability to endure much dealing with dull routine, and still has the average man's disrelish for thinking processes that put greater strain on him than writing stereotyped letters, listening to his radio, or discussing his golf game. He is not always a superman.

Mr. Goode goes on to show, step by step, that:—

Human behavior is the basis of all business.
Human behavior, in commercial quantities, can be studied and gauged like any other natural force.
When all business measures itself exactly to human behavior, present wastes will disappear.
Getting rid of wastes will bring higher profits at lower prices.

He lists a few of the fundamental things that the Average Man won't do, in this wise:

Won't look far beyond his self-interest.
Resents change and dislikes newness.
Forgets past and remembers inaccurately.
Won't fight *for* things when he can find something to fight *against*.
Dares not differ from the crowd unless certain his differences will be recognized as superiority.
Except in high emotion, won't exert himself beyond the line of least resistance.
Won't act even in important matters unless properly followed up.

In proof of this last item, the author mentions how often men fail to write a letter or sign their name to receive valuable stock dividends, or to take similarly important action, simply because they are too shiftless and dilly-dallying to get at it.

Having discussed what people *won't* do, Mr. Goode lists what they *will* do. He declares that Man in the Mass:

Follows a habit until it hurts.
Loves low prices and dislikes economy.
Glorifies the past and discounts the future.
Finds his greatest interest in his own emotional "kicks."
Accepts his beliefs ready-made and sticks to them.
Follows his leader, eyes shut, mouth open.
Yields to suggestion when properly flattered.
Works hard to establish superiority in the eyes of his equals.

Incantation

First Warlock:

BEAUTY lies
Opalescent,
But she flies
At your touch,—
Through your finger's
Fervid clutch
She will slip
Deliquescent.
Who would gather
Lasting metal,
Flesh of leaves,
Who would keep
Irised feather
Must resort to
Magic water
And the spell .
Hark! The bull-frog's
Tempting bell—
Knee-deep
Knee-deep
Knee-deep

Second Warlock:

Let the hardy soul who would
Fathom magic lore
Enter summer's brotherhood
By the water-door.
Let the unholy postulant
Join our raucous-rustic chant,
Push the glassy brilliant
Black water-door.

Third Warlock:

Touch exultant summer's coat
Made of painted weather;
Those things which are requisite
Lay together;
In the sulphur-circle put
Sultry yellow bladder-wort,
China-briar, lizard-foot,
White heron feather,

Second Warlock:

Single eye of lotus-leaf
With blue filmy sheen;
Pluck the perfect mirroring
Of duck-weed green;
And brindled birds that hear your vow,—
Three young snake-birds on a bough,
Green-feathered cypress bough
Doubly seen.

Third Warlock:

With black water on your brow
And under your tongue
Leaf-reflecting doors have now
Half-open swung.
Once the oblique bright threshold cross
No other water will you cross,
White water nor blue water
For you have drunk the black water
Sorcerous and strong!

First Warlock:

Come in!
Knee-deep
Fly, swim
And creep
To plumb the hidden thing;
Vigil we keep
Nor sleep—
Knee-deep
Morning and evening.

Josephine Pinckney.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Domestic Theory

WHAT IS RIGHT WITH MARRIAGE: An Outline of Domestic Theory. By ROBERT C. BINKLEY and FRANCES WILLIAMS BINKLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH M. SPRAGUE

AS the optimistic title suggests, the authors have, in the guise of propounding a theory, made a declaration of faith. They have read widely on the subject of marriage, from Xenophon to Keyserling, from Polynesia to Middletown, and found no criteria useful to them personally. Whereupon they have recast the material and creatively evolved their own answers as to what conduct is normal in married life, what constitutes success in it, what satisfactions may reasonably be expected, what is essential to the marriage relation, and what extraneous to it. The process has been intellectual, the drive emotional, for they were risking marriage themselves and needed to feel more reassurance than the current opinions of the institution lend. And then they wrote a book.

Sociological technique demands classifications and definitions, and of these the authors give us many. Two they present graphically. Theories regarding marriage they designate as school-girl, tom-cat, mouse-trap, and the theory of the schools (sociological), which last is "a laborious and indisputable answer to a question nobody asks," failing because it treats impersonally a problem which is essentially personal. Sex relations may be of three types: transitory liaison, experimental affair, love-tenure marriage, and the marriage which is "a profile extending through a course of years." "Marriage is a personal relationship between a man and a woman, involving sex-intercourse between them, and having an aspect of permanence or duration." It may be romantic, in which form "benevolent interaction" is at its highest; asymmetrical, unilateral, or non-domestic, in which last there is no interaction. "The family—it is ourselves." "As cherished objects, children tend to raise the level on which the family functions; as competitors (for the affection of the parents), to lower it; as participants, to complicate it." They must not mean more to the parents than the parents to each other, for in time they leave the family "to be in old age what it was in youth, a union of two, alone against the world." The authors distinguish between love as a "feeling response," which will-o'-the-wisp is the natural basis of a liaison but not of marriage, and love as a "personalistic mode of behavior," intimately related to the feeling response, but subject to volition, which form they name, with scientific precision, "a sentiment of paramount loyalty."

The comparisons and analogies are thought-provoking. The authors would like to see the science of family relationship put on as definite a basis as political science or economics, and they are ready in finding parallels in those fields. An interesting analogy is drawn between the two great artistries of married life, the successful sex relation and the resolution of conflicts. Both must be private, both should accomplish a catharsis of the emotions, both should be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Inasmuch as the "revolt" against marriage is pretty much directed against the sex monopoly ideal, the authors reason their way through the maze of conflicting prejudices, and admirably. It is their opinion that "the expression of paramount loyalty is on a lower plane if the exclusiveness of the sex act is lost," that the case against sex monopoly "is not so much its relative inaccessibility as the gratuitous difficulties it introduces into married life." Efforts to enforce it lead to undue emphasis upon it, with resulting lack of sportsmanship in meeting episodes of adultery and suspicions of adultery. (Acceptance of polygamy is preferable to this attitude, in that it at least only lowers the level of domestic behavior, while the attitude of compulsion threatens also its duration.) The authors are not prepared, however, to admit that man is essentially polygamous. How far the chafing against the sexual limitations of marriage is inevitable and how far it is "the product of disjointed institutions and environmental accident is quite uncertain," none of the speculations regarding it having been checked by controlled scientific observation. Toward virginity before marriage the authors take much the same attitude. If it is not to be penalized in the marriage relation, adequate information should be available, for in order that the partners may receive the benefit of the sex act in domestic interaction, it must be understood. Besides, efforts to insure virginity before marriage produce attitudes which are deleterious in marriage, often resulting in the dissociation of the sex aspect of love from the tenderness aspect which, psychoanalysts to the contrary, is quite sufficiently accounted for as the result of strong anti-sexual training in childhood. Moreover, too much emphasis upon the need for the marriage ceremony before the sex act is experienced is likely to cause people to marry in order to satisfy sex curiosity before they are prepared to establish a permanent relationship. Legal sanction, such as the proposed companionate marriage, is a poor solution. "The virginity ideal is really surrendered, even though the divorce and remarriage device may conceal the surrender." "Rather than confuse all thinking or marriage and family life, it is preferable (from the standpoint of domestic theory) that a margin should be left for unregistered and unlicensed play of sex," hazardous as this may be from risk of disease and of parenthood. "It is Occidental society and not human nature which insists on monopoly and virginity and leaves no freedom of choice."

A philosophy of this nature is not for the masses; it would, in fact, appeal only to those "who seek to govern their destinies by intelligence."

There is a great deal of youth in these pages. The general tone suggests an idyl, but one disguised by erudition and scientific habits of thought. The authors are eminently qualified for their task in everything but age. Even more convincing will be the version they present at a time nearer their golden wedding.

Some of the middle chapters, particularly that on "The Function of the Family," are repetitious. The last quarter of the book is especially good. The bibliographical references are imposing in number and scope, and the book is well indexed. Mr. Binkley has been instructor in history in New York University, and is now at Smith College.

A Catalogue Raisonné

BIBLIOTHECA OSLERIANA: A Catalogue of Books Illustrating the History of Medicine and Science. Collected, Arranged, and Annotated by SIR WILLIAM OSLER. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1929.

Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS

OSLER, the outstanding medical figure of the last fifty years, began collecting books as a young man in Toronto; during his sojourns in Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and finally, during the last fourteen years of his life, in Oxford, he succeeded in outlining a definite plan of the catalogue and wrote notes classifying the books in their proper order, having always in mind the distinctive aim that the books should illustrate, as far as literature can, the history of medicine and science. Thus his library has a definite educational purpose.

The catalogue, prepared by the present librarian, Dr. W. W. Francis and his colleagues, contains 7,600 odd titles, arranged in a distinctive order. The first section contains the *Prima*, selected by Osler; here are arranged, by authors, chronologically, the principal contributors to the history of medicine from the older civilizations to modern times: Hippocrates, Galen, Rhazes, Roger Bacon, Leonardo, Vesalius, Harvey, Hunter, Jenner, Koch, Röntgen, etc., over 1,700 books and pamphlets. Occasionally a title replaces a name, as in the section on "Anæsthesia." This important group was expanded by Osler to over one hundred and fifty references, including, of course, the early papers of Morton, Bigelow, and Warren. In the *Bibliotheca Secunda* section are the secondary contributions; in the *Litteraria*, Osler's special collections, such as the "Religio Medici" list filling six pages, the cornerstone of this section and that of Robert Burton. Other volumes fall into the *Bibliotheca Historica*, *Biographica*, *Bibliographica*, *Incunabula*, and *Manuscripts*.

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Chronicles of East and West

MY HOME AND I. By MARY ELIZA STARBUCK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. $3.50.

LIFE OF AN ORDINARY WOMAN. By ANNE ELLIS. The same.

Reviewed by ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

TWO women of contrasting temperaments and far-distant environment have told their life-stories, Mary Starbuck of old Nantucket and Anne Ellis of Colorado mining-camps. One might suggest an expansion in each title—the first to read "My *Island* and I," for Miss Starbuck has opened a community-album as well as that of her home, and the second as "The Life of an Extraordinary Woman"—for such has Anne Ellis proved to be amid the shiftings, poverty, dangers, and adventures of her pioneering. Both books are loose-leaved "memory pictures"; they will appeal to differing tastes. Both are chronicles of local history with significant sidelights upon American life. Miss Starbuck writes with easeful dignity as daughter of a sea captain and representative of Nantucket's "aristocracy," with spices of humor and anecdotes; Anne Ellis has chosen to defy conventional uses of tenses and pronouns, to make a "patchwork" rather than a pattern of her reminiscences—but she has achieved some passages of stark tragedy and romance.

Nantucket of the past, when sailing ships and fragrant cellars, "peach-bloom brocade gowns" and "the thousand year box," "cent schools" and fire-bags, books at the Athenæum and purchases at Quaker John Hozier's shop were concentrated interests, is recorded in Miss Starbuck's book. The families of Walter Folger and Captain Starbuck, Captain Bailey and Aunt Lucy Cooper (the negro "branded in Guinea") are happily introduced. If the later pages seem crowded and less vivid, they suggest changes in standards and interests as tourists increase, the world war demands service, Nantucket's chief industry seems to be "raising schoolteachers," and the "escape of women" calls forth such a comment as this personal anecdote; "Well" (said a caller), "I said if Mollie Starbuck had been riding a bicycle, I should never have faith in women again."

In her introduction to Anne Ellis's life-story, Lucy Fitch Perkins suggests the incentive, during severe illness, to writing this narrative, as well as later prosperity of the author in communal and political affairs. We may reject Mrs. Perkins's tribute, "She is the world of Bret Harte become articulate in the first person singular"; we may regret the strained, inchoate, ungrammatical form (which seems like a forced mannerism), but we find here qualities of dramatic vigor, and a chronicle by a woman of extraordinary resources and courage. It resembles a motion picture in which parts of the film have been broken, some portions patched and creased, and in which yet other scenes are vivid and haunting, like the wild storm, the sudden death of little Joy, or the death of the author's mother.

From Pueblo to Bonanza and on to Goldfield the narrative runs, through mining towns counted not by population but by the number of saloons and dance-halls. It was a rough, poverty-stricken life for a girl and young matron, often the only woman in camp, but "pay-days" for George or Herbert, a berry-picking party or a new dress could keep hope alive; "nothing like clothes to give a woman morale" is one of the many bits of sane philosophy in this record. Anne Ellis took several "foolish steps," which led to more wandering and deprivations, but they expressed the restless energy of her nature, her ambition "to get somewhere." Interwoven with the details of cooking—in which she was an expert—sewing, washing, and bearing children are hints of wistful longing for more books and appreciation of Dickens, Dumas, Stevenson, and other writers, or a desire "to be a lady" like Frances Folsom Cleveland. Surrounding Anne Ellis in her shifting scenes are scores of minor characters clearly outlined—her father and stepfather, her sister Josie, Picnic Jim, Nellie Smeltzer, the dressmaker; Lily, the adventuress with a kind heart; Charley Eat, Jamie, who loved her, and Jim, whom she loved; and Neita, the daughter who is to achieve, in education, all that her mother yearned for and never won. There is valuable material for industrial history in the chapters about the strike of the Miners' Union and the I. W. W.'s. "We afterwards called them 'The I Won't Works.'" Real life is in this chronicle, touched with romance but no sentimentality.

One of England's Generals

MARLBOROUGH: The Portrait of a Conqueror. By DONALD BARR CHIDSEY. New York: John Day. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD

IT is more than a century since the painstaking Archdeacon Coxe published his exceptionally dull three volumes on the Duke of Marlborough. Since that time there have been numerous books dealing, in whole or part, with the duke's career, but none which might be termed definitive. Of material there is no lack, and the lives of few men offer such biographic opportunities. Nevertheless, like England's other warrior duke, he still awaits his biographer.

The present one volume life purports to be "a complete and unbiased presentation" which is "rounded in research and animated by the author's intense interest in his subject." The book is sadly disappointing. In the first place, the author writes after the fashion of the Sunday newspaper supplement. It is true that he has been a newspaper man, but other journalists have been able to divest themselves of that "smartness" which is suitable, perhaps, for temporary effect, but is out of place in the more serious forms of literature. To describe how "the Hanoverians had settled their ponderous posteriors upon the throne of Great Britain and Ireland" may be alliterative, but it is not accurately descriptive. To apostrophize familiarly the great diarist as "old Sam Pepys" is pure Babbittry. Finally to address the Duke of Marlborough throughout the book as "Jack Churchill," sometimes with the addition of such adjectives as "smiling" or "swaggering" is to betray a total misconception of that gracious dignity, to which all those who have written of Marlborough testify.

It is the professed aim of many modern biographers to enlist the interest of readers by quickening their facts. They have done this by creating background, and by vividness and brilliancy of style. They add the quality of imagination. Macaulay did this with the Age of William III; Parkman did it with our own French and Indian Wars; Strachey did it with Victorian England. In spite of obvious effort, the present volume fails to revivify the past.

A most noticeable point is the aversion of the author to dates. He does not, for example, mention the day, month, or even the year of his hero's birth. This might not conceivably interest all readers, yet there is always a small percentage of them which desires to be oriented in point of time. To cite another instance, a great deal is said of the death of Charles II, but the year of its occurrence is not stated. Throughout the volume there is a like paucity of chronological bournes.

Another fault which will inconvenience a few readers is the unique character of the index. As far as this reviewer can discover from the copy assigned him there is no page reference in the index which bears any relation to the subject matter in the text. Somebody, at least, should have discovered this error in proof. It is to be hoped that the faults of this volume will evoke some bold spirit who will have the pertinacity to digest and the skill to interpret the facts which make up the life of one of England's greatest generals.

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A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

WILL some enterprising publisher ever give us a literary atlas of Europe? Each province in every country should, instead of rivers, mountains, railways, mines, and other futile information, be inscribed with the name of those authors, especially novelists whose works describe its life and scenery. What would the literary map of France look like, assuming that living writers only were mentioned?

The North of France would remain comparatively blank, only, however, comparatively. It is an industrial country rather flat and commonplace. Its main features, however interesting, are better seen from inside. Even Normandy, so rich in churches, castles, and other historical monuments, is comparatively poor in contemporary literature. Normandy has given birth to eloquent poets, more eloquent than poetical, and to Flaubert and Maupassant. I have already mentioned in these letters Jean Gaument and Camille Cé, both of them sincere and truthful. "Largue l'Amarre," "Le Fils Maublanc," are good specimens of their collaboration. André Larroque has written "L'Aveugle," a notable book, Mme. Delarue-Mardrus "L'Ex Voto," and Marion Gilbert "Le Joug."

Brittany was once the most ignorant and miserable province of France. Its fishermen and small farmers found it hard to make both ends meet. They are now comparatively prosperous. But the Celtic element remains strong enough in their mentality to preserve its originality. Charles Le Goffic is the most prolific Breton writer and will probably end his days as a member of the French Academy. The wind-lashed island of Ouessant can boast of "Les Filles de la Pluie," by André Savignon, the Penmarch peninsula of "L'Océan," by Charles Géniaux, and "Le Peuple de la Mer," by Marc Elder, has been, even to Westerners like me, a revelation of the most striking aspects and characters of the West Coast.

There are no cities in Vendée, only small market towns, Le Marais, la Plaine, le Bocage (the Marsh, the Plain, the Wold) share between them its whole territory. La Roche-sur-Yon, a geometrical creation of the first Napoleon, Fontenay-le-Comte, where Rabelais was a monk, Lucon, where Richelieu was a bishop, les Sables-d'Olonne, a very picturesque fishing harbor, where the women still wear their old Basque jewels and costumes, these are the main centers of population, none of them of more than ten thousand people. But 400,000 peasants live in hamlets of ten to twenty houses each, concealed among hedgerows and scattered along deep brooks.

Their great rising against the French Revolution in support of the king and church was the subject of Victor Hugo's "Quatre Vingt Treize," and Balzac's "Les Chouans."

Since that time and up to these last years they have lived in a state of moral and political isolation, somewhat sour and bitter. Their isolation is now over, not entirely their opposition. They are supplying Paris with the best butter, eggs, meat, fruit, they buy Fords and Citroëns, even gramophones. The women, though still wearing pretty *coiffes* (linen caps) have discarded their grandmothers' stiff bodices, padded hip-belts (bourrelets), and black mantles trimmed with velvet and held by silver clasps. For all that, the Vendée people remain an almost irreconcilable element. They stand half-way between the agricultural civilization of the Middle Ages, which they still uphold in some respects, and the more standardized and automatic life of modern France. La Vendée has no self-attached novelist. She does not care to express herself, nor to impress others; her reticence is fundamental and proverbial. La Vendée "cultivates her garden" like the rest of France, but it is a secret garden. Gaston Chérau in "Champi le Tortu," René Bazin in "La Terre Qui Meurt," Alphonse de Chateaubriand in "La Brière" (a big marsh just north of La Loire), Baumann in "La Fosse aux Lions," have interpreted some aspects of Vendée and some types of Vendéens. These four books are among the best standing to the credit of regionalism. "Champi" stands at the top of the list. Were it only for its title, I may also mention Marcel Batillat's "La Vendée aux Genêts."

The province of Poitou, smelling of garlic and goat's cheese, where mules and donkeys are innumerable, wine acid, and brown bread a treat, Poitou, good old Poitou, is now very much to the fore with Ernest Pérochon, a schoolmaster and excellent novelist, who got the Goncourt Prize for "Nène," Gaston Chérau again ("Le Flambeau des Riffault"), and a watchmaker of Loudun, Georges David, ("Ritcourt; Parade"). Jean Richard Bloch lives near Poitiers, Constantin Weyer at Poitiers.

The East of France, since Maurice Barrès's death has lost something of its literary glamour. Louis Pergaud was playing before the war the same part in Franche-Comté as Ernest Pérochon in Poitou. There are excellent stories of animal life in "De Goupil à Margot." Auguste Bailly's works in all departments of fiction, fully deserve their measure of fame.

Alsace, as seen by René Bazin ("Les Oberlé"), Auguste Bailly ("La Vestale"), Jean Variot ("La Résurrection du Feu"), Camille Mayran ("L'Univers") seems to have been somewhat simplified and idealized. The robustness of its temperament, the wealth of its double culture, Latin and German, above all the element of self analysis and self-pity, which lies at the bottom of the Alsacian spirit, remain to be adequately transcribed in French literature.

Emile Moselly is the novelist of Lorraine ("Le Rouet d'Ivoire," "Jean des Brebis," "Terres Lorraines"). Joseph Jolinon, a new and remarkable writer, and Gaston Roupnel ("Nono") describe Burgundy. The greater part of Henry Bordeaux's work is devoted to Savoy.

As was to be expected, the southern half of France is far richer in local literature than the northern provinces. The mountains of Alps, Pyrénées, Cévennes, the dry plateaux of Causses and Quercy, the dark volcanic masses of Auvergne and Ardèche, all have a literature of their own, rather serious and intense. Remember that the whole south of France was at one time occupied by the Arabs, at another swayed by the Albigenses, and, later, subdued by Calvinism. But the valleys of Garonne and Rhone, the coast of Provence and Languedoc, the plains of Gascony, all smile and beckon. There, and there only, sparkles the traditional spirit of the South, imaginative, irresponsible, as represented in some of Daudet's works ("Tartarin").

Edmond Jaloux, Eugène Montfort, Francis de Miomandre, Jean Louis Vaudoyer, all of them well known novelists and critics, belong to the Marseilles-and-Aix cycle of contemporary literature. Less celebrated, not less interesting are Raymond Clauzel ("La Colline des Amants"), Gabrielle Reval ("Le Dompteur"), Marie Gasquet ("Une Enfance Provençale"), Jean Toussaint-Samat ("Sangar, Taureau"), Jean Carrère ("Le Taureau Blanc"), who reflect, in their works, the life and landscape of Camargue, the Rhone, the Méditerranée.

Mauriac's novels develop in and around Bordeaux, but Jean Balde is the specialized annalist of that splendid country. Very few of Pierre Benoit's celebrated books are without a reference to the Landes forests, but here again, there is a specialist in the field. I refer to Emmanuel Bousquet ("L'Ecarteur, le Muletier"). Joseph de Pesquidoux is the great man of Armagnac, and Edouard Dulac the most representative ("Mon Curé dans les Vignes," "Histoires Gasconnes").

Auvergne belongs to Henri Pourrat (I especially like "Gaspard des Montagnes"), and les Cévennes are becoming André Chamson's literary demesne (of "Les Hommes de la Route"). Béarn and the Basque Coast leapt into fame with Pierre Loti's "Ramuntcho," and Orthez is now a center of poetical and historical production. I can only mention Martial "Piéchaud ("La Vallée Heureuse"), Charles de Bordeux ("Un Cadet de Gascogne"), André Geiger ("Maïa la Basquaise"). I shall return to a terrible and haunting book about vintagers and grape-gathering around Montpellier and Carcassonne he has recently published.

Jean Nesmy hails from Limousin and some of Giraudoux's work is connected with the same province, the most picturesque in the center of France. Alain Fournier, who was killed in the war, is the author of "Le Grand Meaulnes," one of the most important and most seductive books ever written in France. The scene is laid in Berry where Alain Fournier was born and bred.

How is it that René Bazin's writings are the only ones that come to my memory when I think of that lovely Anjou where life is so sweet and wine so sparkling and dry in good years? Why was René Boylesve's quiet work (until Dominique Dunois began to publish her realistic tales) almost the only novelist's name ever coupled with Touraine? The rest of the Loire valley has been admirably rendered by Maurice Genevoix ("Raboliot," "Rémy des Bauches," "La Boite à Pêche").

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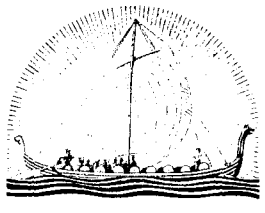

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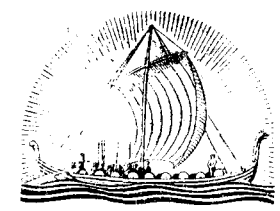

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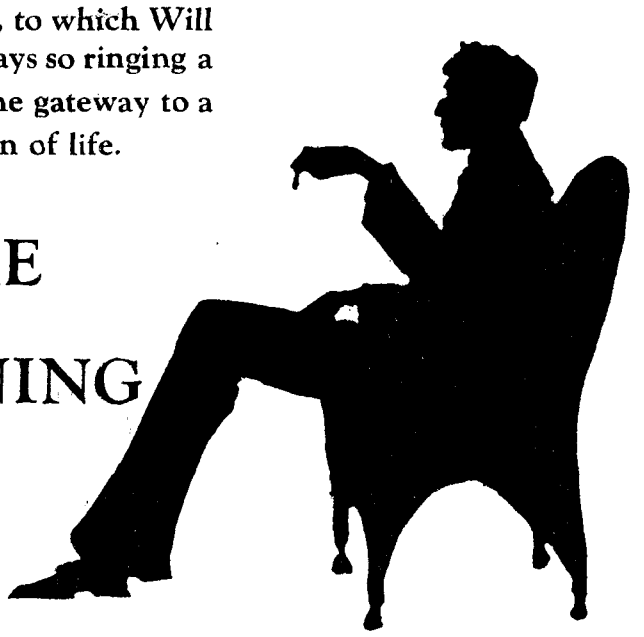

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Books that Live

Points of View

Mrs. Eddy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

A recent book review by Ernest Sutherland Bates, published in your issue of September 7, is apparently intended to create the impression that the author of an alleged biography of Mrs. Eddy had honestly tried to set forth without bias or prejudice the essential facts in her life history. However, such an impression would be wholly incorrect and misleading.

The book is a gross misrepresentation of the Christian Science religion and travesties the life of its discoverer and founder, Mary Baker Eddy. It is based primarily upon fantastic newspaper yarns and upon an attack on Mrs. Eddy instigated by known enemies which appeared serially in a popular magazine about twenty years ago.

These articles have long since been discredited because of their manifest bias and because of the evidently interested motive on the part of those who prepared them. In the archives of the Mother Church there is abundant legal evidence to disprove the allegations they contain. Although these same articles were later published in book form, the book proved a "dud"; its publication was discontinued, and the plates sold as junk.

It is a principle of jurisprudence that no case can honestly be decided upon biased testimony and prejudiced evidence.

At no time during the preparation of this alleged biography did the author confer with or seek information from a single authorized representative of the Christian Science Church; and the publishers, when asked to have the book checked back for reliability of its sources and accuracy of its data, refused.

There are living in various parts of the United States today a considerable number of Mrs. Eddy's own students who sat in her classes and knew her personally. There are also loyal Christian Scientists still living who resided in Mrs. Eddy's home and came in daily contact with her. These individuals are known and easily accessible. If the author of this alleged personal history of Mrs. Eddy had really been concerned with facts, he would at least have interviewed some of these individuals, but this he did not do. He has merely followed the tendency of the lesser writers of today who attempt to decry and belittle those who are great.

ORWELL BRADLEY TOWNE,
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Mr. Orville Bradley Towne, without doing me the honor of mentioning me or my book by name, has sought to discredit both in a form letter which he has sent to every editor in New York who published a review of "Mrs. Eddy: the Biography of a Virginal Mind." This form letter is identical with the one which you have given me the opportunity to answer.

I therefore appreciate an opportunity to point out to your readers that while I have utmost respect for the intense devotion of Christian Scientists like Mr. Towne to their viewpoint, this very consideration rendered it quite impossible for me to place myself in their hands or under their guidance while engaged in a task I sought to pursue in a detached and unbiassed mood. A similar consideration impelled my publishers to ignore certain "suggestions" that they submit the book to the censorship of the Boston Directors before its publication.

To the disinterested student it must seem obvious that no biographer who wished to make his work unbiassed and judicial, and yet bring it to successful publication, could possibly adopt any other policy, in view of the swift darkness which has overtaken various accounts of Mrs. Eddy which did not receive official censorship in advance. The Dickey Memoirs—written by a devout but engagingly frank Scientist—are only one illustration. That my course was well considered is now proved by the extraordinary and amazing efforts Mr. Towne's brethren are making to effect suppression of my book. Dealers all over the country who expose it for sale are being threatened with boycott, with warnings to cease selling and to return their copies to the publisher.

There appears to be no economic or social pressure which Mr. Towne's organization is not attempting to apply in order to prevent the circulation of my work. Christian Scientists in towns in every state wait upon and harass the local book dealers by constant visitations. And if the book dealer has signed any mortgages or notes held by a Christian Scientist; if his landlord is a Christian Scientist; if he is in any way indebted to a Christian Scientist, his lot is being made a hard one. Such amazing tactics would be unbelievable, were it not for the evidence contained in the letters my publishers are receiving daily.

My previous awareness of such fanatical tendencies on the part of Mrs. Eddy's following well explains the procedure that was forced upon me in my sympathetic attempts to arrive at the truth concerning Mrs. Eddy's career. The present leaders in her organization have so far committed themselves to their orthodox point of view that their interests can apparently never be those of the biographer engaged in an impersonal quest for data. It is their belief that the public is not entitled to know the real facts. In proof of my statement I should like to quote a letter which I now have before me—a letter sent out by the Board of Directors at the time they were suppressing the Dickey Memoirs, which were published by Mrs. Dickey after her husband's death for distribution among his students. The Board of Directors said:

"Our astonishment was great beyond expression when we read the book, 'Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy,' and found it contained so much that would be harmful to make public. . . . It was imperative that the book should be recalled, if possible, before it might fall into the hands of those who were hostile or reach minds too immature to absorb it unscathed. . . . A New Hampshire man, after reading the book, has said that 'it upholds the contention of Mrs. Eddy's son in the trial at Concord that she was obsessed with a fear of malicious animal magnetism and was therefore not competent'. . . . Mrs. Eddy's request that Mr. Dickey write a 'history of his experiences' would have been fully complied with had he deposited his writings relating to her for preservation in the files of The Mother Church, as others of her household have considerately done. . . . 'The human history needs to be revised, and the material record expunged.' "

This wholly remarkable letter, never intended for the public eye, would make any impartial biographer loath to "confer with" any "authorized representative" of the Christian Science Church. Incidentally, the Dickey revelations are all incorporated in my own volume, with due credit. This seems sufficient reply to Mr. Towne's declaration that my book is based primarily upon "fantastic newspaper yarns" and a "popular magazine" attack. Mr. Dickey died as a director of the Christian Science Church. The material from the New York *World* investigations which is incorporated in my pages is far less sensational than Mr. Dickey's own loyal statements. As for the material which I have been able to preserve from Georgine Milmine's heroic work, this is in complete accord with all the other facts in the equation; it is based to a large extent upon sworn affidavits; it is entirely factual matter and in no sense a question of interpretation or opinion. In persuading its publishers to abandon the sale of this work, the same tactics were used as in the present attempts to have my own book suppressed. Unfortunately Miss Milmine did not have in her contract a clause which would prevent the sale of her copyright and of the publisher's plates. In consequence her book met the fate which Mr. Towne correctly describes; it was bought up by a Christian Scientist, and the publishers were doubtless thankful to be relieved of a situation similar to that which the Messrs. Scribner have recently described as "unprecedented in our eighty-five years' history of publishing."

I should like to make it pain that in my volume the Christian Science point of view is anything but ignored, in direct contradiction of Mr. Towne's declarations. My biography includes an extensive consideration of Mrs. Eddy's own memoirs, as well as an analytical study of her writings, from which frequent quotations are used to establish points in my text. In particular, frequent allusion will be found in "Mrs. Eddy" to the authorized biography by Sibyl Wilbur, which is now published by the Christian Science interests, and to which I referred as often as its obvious limitations would permit. If Mr. Towne or his associates have any further data concerning Mrs. Eddy which they are willing to reveal for the consideration of writers and scholars, then this material should be incorporated in their official biography without delay.

In conclusion, permit me to say that in my bibliography I have taken pains to point out where and how my sources may be consulted, including all rare and suppressed editions, so that interested scholars may check my judgments on every point.

EDWIN FRANDEN DAKIN.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

PETER THE GREAT. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Simon & Schuster. 1929. $3.

Biography

Very justly, Mr. Stephen Graham has, in the past, gained an enviable reputation for his delightful and excellent studies of the Russian people, the Russian mind, and the Russian religion. A charming style and a sympathetic, yet penetrating, insight into his subject have always made his books delightful and instructive reading. This latest work, however, will, undoubtedly, be a disappointment to some of his admirers. Evidently Mr. Graham, too, has fallen victim to the general demand for "full-length biographies that give vivid and authentic portraits." In fact, there is too much portrait and too little background. The narrative itself is thin and evasive, and the average reader will experience difficulty in following the course of events. There is an unhappy tendency to introduce important characters into the narrative with too little preparation.

In style, too, the book is poorly done, and stands out in great contrast to other works of Mr. Graham. It is choppy and disjointed. Even, alas, there are places where the author must be suspected of attempting to popularize his story. And, as is so often the case in such attempts, the results are positively vulgar. It is almost shocking, for example, to read from the pen of Mr. Graham this line: "Peter forgot his promises to his mother and took many joy-rides to Solombola and Hohnagra."

In brief, this latest biography of Peter approaches, in no way, either in content or in quality, other recent works of biography that treat of this period. Nor does it fulfil the awful advance description sent out by the publishers. Incidentally, it may not be out of place to remind them that, contrary to their advance description, "that repacious Livonian laundress and lover" who finally married Peter was not "known later as Catherine the Great."

Fiction

PAPER HOUSES. By WILLIAM PLOMER. Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.50.

We fail to learn as much about Japan from Mr. Plomer's book as he expects us to. He has high hopes for the success of his method: a series of short narratives that shall, by implication and suggestion, expound for us much that is of particular interest in the Japanese temperament. But Mr. Plomer is not sufficiently explicit; he seems too close to his material to remember that we (average untraveled Westerners) have no experience that can help us appreciate his elusive commentary. He makes the mistake of not writing as a Westerner interpreting the East. He resolutely excludes not only all glamour, but all sense of exoticism and novelty as well. At the risk of causing Mr. Plomer acute pain, we must say that a more plausible insight into Japanese character may be gained from M. Raucault's hilarious extravaganza, "The Honorable Picnic," than from all of Mr. Plomer's purposeful solemnity. "Paper Houses" does not live up to its pretensions.

In twelve pages of sprightly "Prefatory Notes" Mr. Plomer airs his views on the Japanese people, on Japanese life, and on Lafcadio Hearn. The latter is *persona non grata* to Mr. Plomer; we are told that Hearn was intellectually myopic, that he lacked "proper background and backbone," that he was "no scholar," and (by implication) that he indulged in "indiscriminate japanegyrics." The rest of the Notes are less obviously controversial, but they are nevertheless characterized by an asperity and a mild sort of cocksureness.

The body of the volume is eight narratives of varying lengths. The only narrative that is estimable and at the same time redolent of Japan is "The Portrait of an Emperor"; this is good reading. The two satires at the end of the volume are irritating because of their apparent pointlessness. As literature "Paper Houses" is flimsy; as exposition of Japanese society and character it is spotty.

MOSAIC. By JOHN PRESLAND. Appleton. 1929. $2.

"Fragments for a mosaic—it is all the knowledge we ever have of each other's lives." So speaks one of the characters of this novel, and the author is constantly aware of the thesis in telling the story of Nadine, a woman almost too bizarre and mysterious, but withal naïve and simple. One fragment comes from Smith, the little archæologist, for whom T. E. Lawrence seems to have served as model. From him we learn that Nadine was a woman without parents, without a country, without ties. She was beautiful, possessed a queenly manner, and had lived a life of varied experiences, including starvation and snake-charming.

The second fragment comes from Professor Lavallière, who had loved Nadine in his youth when he was diplomatic attaché at Vienna. There she was mistress to the wealthiest man in Europe, a Greek who promoted massacres and rebellions and cornered the European wheat market. Lavallière loved her unrequited, and lost his job in the scandal which involved the failure of Agorapoulos, his trial for murdering his secretary, and the departure of Nadine when she learned the way he got his wealth.

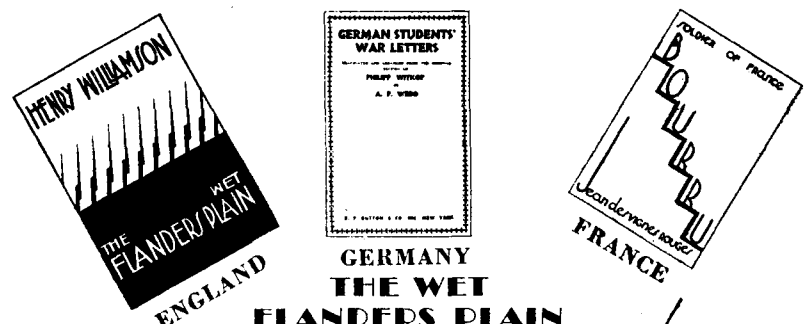
The third fragment comes from Richard Hardress, English gentleman, whose brother, Sir Martin Hardress, had married Nadine after finding her about to be murdered as a witch in the slums of Cairo. Richard hated Nadine because she ruined his brother's life through her inability to comprehend the English sense of honor, family, virtue, and tradition.

The method of presentation is, of course, a literary trick, a trick of merit, but in this case made ineffective by the situation, which involves the meeting of the three narrators with the doctor who apparently does the writing and who has just met Nadine as an old woman in rags selling chestnuts on the streets of Paris. The story smacks too much of the exotic, and supplies too much material which the movie magnates would love. The author writes an adequate prose, but the final impression is that of a good idea which did not turn out to be a very good book.

ALEXANDER BOTTS: EARTHWORM TRACTORS. By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON. Farrar & Rinehart. 1929. $2.

These twelve amusing short narratives tell of the efforts—usually successful and always spectacular—of Alexander Botts to unload Earthworm Tractors on to an almost unwilling public. Botts meets with a good deal of what current business jargon aptly calls

(*Continued on page 378*)



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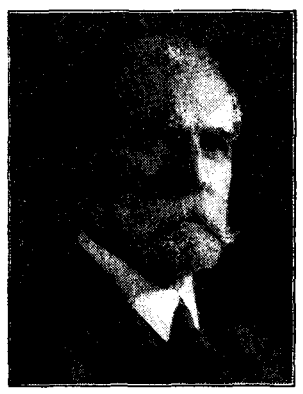

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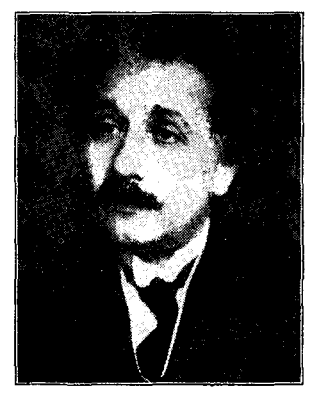
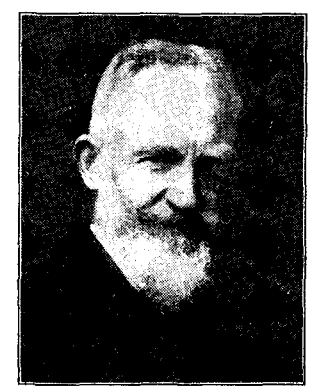


ALBERT EINSTEIN
Nobel Prizeman, author of *Relativity*, writes on Space-Time



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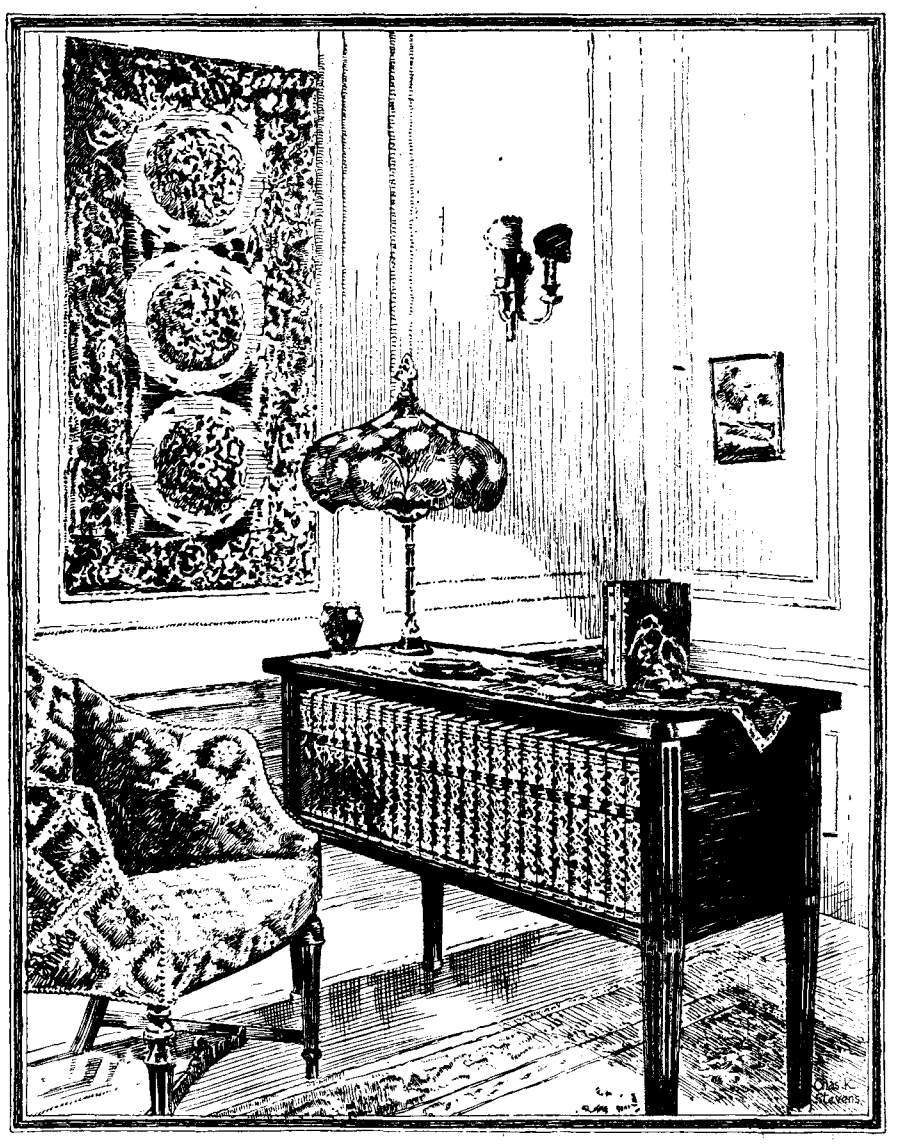

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Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

LAST week we had intended to treat more comprehensively the books of lighter verse that were upon our table. There are two of which we have not yet spoken, namely, "Strange Truth," by "Elspeth," and "Song and Laughter," by Arthur Guiterman. Last week, when we named F. P. A. and A. P. Herbert as the two most accomplished light versifiers here and in England, we had forgotten Mr. Guiterman. As a matter of fact, we have always ranked Mr. Guiterman's light verse very highly. We have often marvelled at his technical accomplishment, and, in the realm of imaginative poetry, we think his ballad, "Quivira," deserves far more attention than we have noticed it receiving. His volume, "Song and Laughter," starts with a story we have heard him recount, and not in rhyme. It is an extremely good story of Pershing at the Front during the late Great War. Unless we are greatly mistaken, it first appeared in verse in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The astonishing thing about it may not seem so astonishing to those who have never wrestled with rhyme and metre to convey the full force and flavor of a tale told by a good *raconteur*,—and Mr. Guiterman is as good a *raconteur* as we have met with. All we can say, and it is "plenty," of the set of verses that opens his volume, is that the anecdote has lost nothing of the tang it had when he told it to us, of an evening, in a small house in Connecticut. That, in case any may not realize it as such, is a considerable triumph. It is difficult to convey with the same pith in verse good dinner-table stories that depended upon the personality and charm of the narrator when given by word-of-mouth. Your audience, for one thing, is "cold." Read "Pershing at the Front," in Mr. Guiterman's new volume and see if you do not agree with us that it remains, not merely clever versification, but a "good story." This is the best compliment we can pay him upon his new book. There are other stories of Mr. Guiterman's that we have heard him tell in prose. Take the third poem in his present volume, "Cold." We have heard him tell that one, wittily and effectively, in an after-dinner, or after-luncheon, speech. It is the reason why "men always stand with their backs to the fire." It is a good story, and again it is presented not only in first-rate verse, but in verse that loses nothing of the effectiveness of accomplished prose narration. The point is, perhaps, somewhat more delicately conveyed than is necessary in telling the story to a "stag" group. All the more credit to the writer. His gesture is entirely satisfactory. We are, of course, completely taken by the last verse of another poem, entitled "Pure Envy."

Why can't I look profounder, graver,
wearier?
My great career would grow so much
careerier.
It must be awful nice to be superior!

Something, say the very moderns, ought to be done with American jazz. It is a characteristic native expression. It is the Spirit of the Age, and all that sort of thing. Well, we may mention mildly that Mr. Guiterman has had something not entirely inadequate to say about it:

For he blows the mad barumpaphone, he
bangs the bumbaroo,
He sounds the parabattle and the pollyoodle,
too,
He clangs the zwangle-angle and he chimes
the ting-a-ling,
He toots the touralourai and he slams the
kara-zing!

The point is that such writing is more than mere journalism. Just as is such a quatrain as "Notoriety":

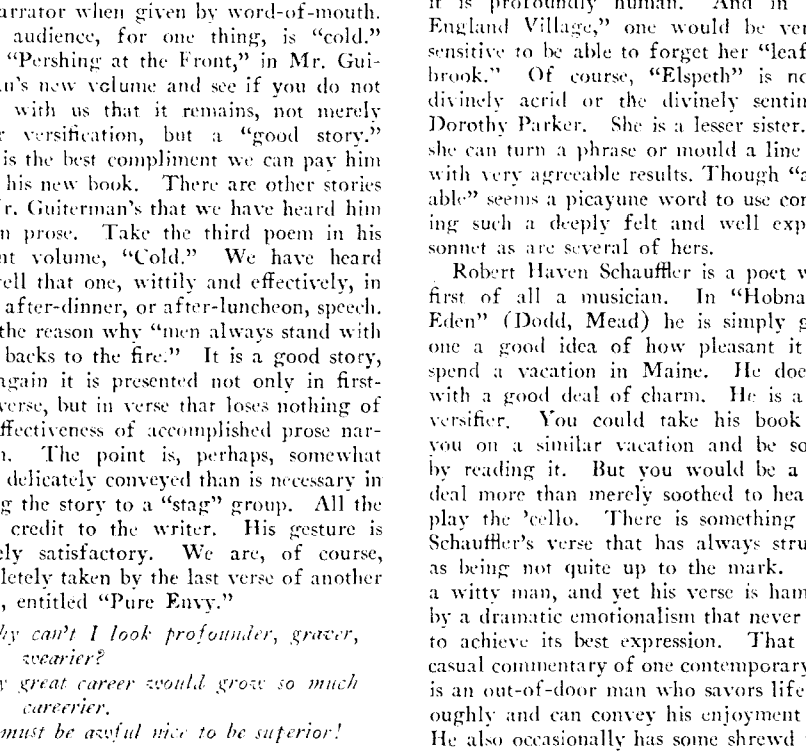
Some men are famed for genius, knowledge,
power
And service to humanity; and some
Are talked about, like Pisa' leaning tower,
Because they're out of plumb.

And there we shall have to drop Mr. Guiterman, at the thirty-sixth page of a book of over two hundred pages. The great thing about him is that he is never a careless or slovenly workman. He has something to say and he says it effectively. To do that is not necessarily to write poetry. But in this day and generation it is very satisfying. There is plenty of room in the great palace of good verse for Mr. Guiterman, and we, ourselves, would give him an apartment on one of the higher floors. We like people who can handle their job, who work neatly in their own field, and are aware of their limitations. We like Mr. Guiterman's song and laughter, much needed in a weary world.

"Elspeth" is a singular "column" poet, singular in the sense that she is profounder than the versifiers we are accustomed to connect with newspaper columns. We are aware that plenty of excellent verse has appeared in newspaper columns; as an old newspaper-column contributor ourselves, we mean nothing derogatory. "Elspeth's" verses have the expected jingle. Then you come upon a poem like "Week-end." You may say that that is nothing very much. It is a good deal. It is very simple, maybe childish. But it is profoundly human. And in "New England Village," one would be very insensitive to be able to forget her "leaf-gold brook." Of course, "Elspeth" is not the divinely acrid or the divinely sentimental Dorothy Parker. She is a lesser sister. But she can turn a phrase or mould a line often with very agreeable results. Though "agreeable" seems a picayune word to use concerning such a deeply felt and well expressed sonnet as are several of hers.

Robert Haven Schauffler is a poet who is first of all a musician. In "Hobnails in Eden" (Dodd, Mead) he is simply giving one a good idea of how pleasant it is to spend a vacation in Maine. He does this with a good deal of charm. He is a good versifier. You could take his book with you on a similar vacation and be soothed by reading it. But you would be a great deal more than merely soothed to hear him play the 'cello. There is something about Schauffler's verse that has always struck us as being not quite up to the mark. He is a witty man, and yet his verse is hampered by a dramatic emotionalism that never seems to achieve its best expression. That is the casual commentary of one contemporary. He is an out-of-door man who savors life thoroughly and can convey his enjoyment of it. He also occasionally has some shrewd things to say of the contemporary scene. He lives with poetry as the cultivated man of more material interests lives with it. He is a good spokesman for it to the man in the street. Yet in the back of one's mind is always the nagging, insistent feeling that Art to him is Music, not the music of words, but a more unparticular medium for emotions not precisely analyzed. Something that many people do not understand about the best poetry is that it is necessarily precise; precise and distinguished by an ineluctable style. There is a definite stamp upon it. It could have been written by only one person, now

(Continued on page 378)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"In the evening the bats weave soft black circles and their wings splash delicate ink upon the pale blue air. . ."

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"You were a sort of golden Puritan . . ."

Amy Lowell
"My Prima Donna of the poets . . ."

Fanny Brawne
"Milady, have we done you wrong?"

Eleonora Duse
"So simple, so translucent you were . . ."

Virginia Clemm
"What could you know of Poe?"

Emily Dickinson
"They could not hear your little moan . . ."

Lot's Wife
"That wild look back! That curious lovely fault frozen into elegiac salt!"

Boldly Joseph Auslander addresses a letter to each of these immortal women—and, if the dead have ears, they must be smiling at his boldness. Certainly no living woman ever listened to more impassioned song.

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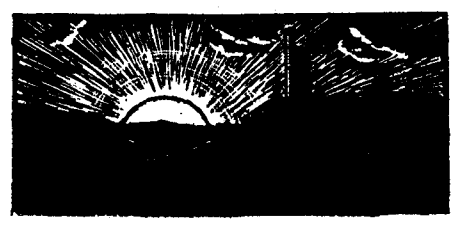

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From the INTRODUCTION

"The adventurer is within us, and he contests for our favors with the social man we *are obliged to be. There* is no conflict so deep and bitter as this, whatever the pious say, for it derives from the very constitutions of human life, which so painfully separate us from all human beings. We, like the eagles, were born to be free. Yet we are obliged, in order to live at all, to make a cage of laws for ourselves and to stand on the perch. We are born as wasteful and unremorseful as tigers; we are obliged to be thrifty, or starve, or freeze. We are born to wander and cursed to stay and dig.

"History is jolted along with great breaches of law and order, by adventures and adventurers. From the flint-jabber age to standing room in the subway, from the cave at Les Eyzies to the plumbing of New York, we have come by two forces of effort, not one, the guard and the search, made by the home-stayer on the one hand, and by the bold affronter of the New on the other."

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WHO PROVED THAT EVERYTHING IS TRUE IF YOU BELIEVE IT
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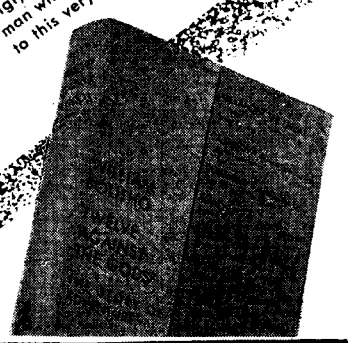

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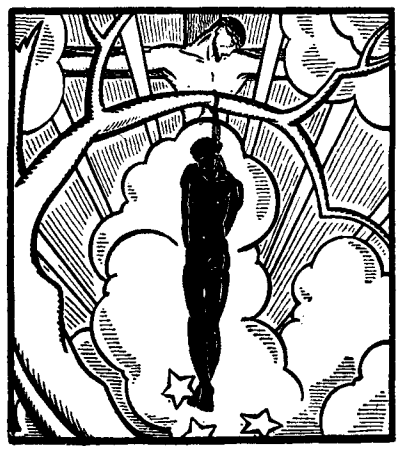

One cried, "Where is the bastard hid?"
"He is not here."
It was a faint
And futile lie.
"The hell he ain't.
We tracked him here. Show us the place.
Or else..."

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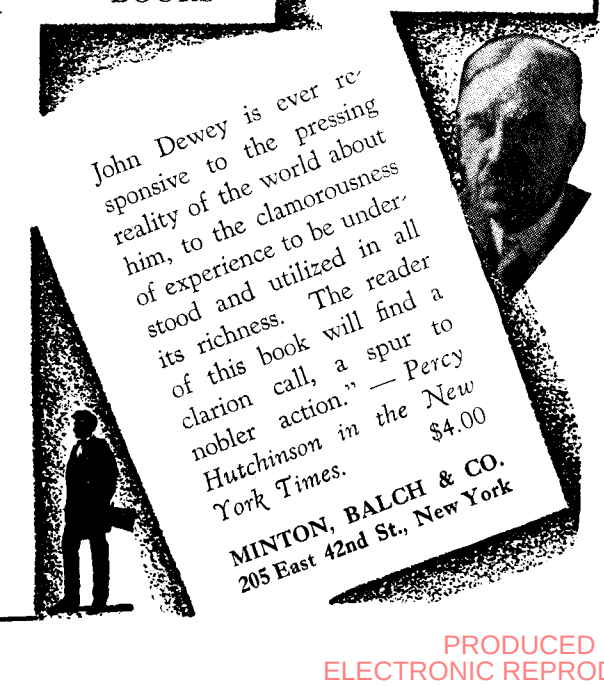

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Round about Parnassus

(*Continued from page 376*)

and forever. We ourselves cannot tell you how that definitive touch is given. We only know, or think we know, when it is there. When, for instance, we turn to the latest (and only the second) volume of poems by Winifred Welles, we discern the imprimatur. We do not mean to say that Winifred Welles is a great poet. Her range is small. But within her range she works with precision. She satisfies the eye, the ear, and the listening logic of the mind. She accomplishes very beautiful things. Last week we listed her latest book for this reason. She writes little. It is all of ten years since her first book, "The Hesitant Heart," appeared. "This Delicate Love" (Viking) is a stride ahead. Not that there were not beautiful poems in "The Hesitant Heart." But there is a better crystallization of a unique temperament in this new book. Having known of the deep and lasting friendship between her and the late Elinor Wylie in earlier years, we think we perceive, in such poems as "The Last Night of Winter" and "Silver for Midas," an influence beautifully transformed. Certainly we remember Elinor Wylie worshipping this stanza from the latter:

My cobweb bells that bead the lawn,
That ring more tinily than tears
Beneath my silver-stepping fawn
With his pussy-willow ears,

and, even more, that squirrel of Winifred Welles's whose tail was "curved up like half a silver lyre." Yet no one but Winifred Welles could have written "A Dog Who Ate a Waterlily" or "Ah, Gabriel—," or, indeed, that fierce and utterly delightful "Ungentle Threat" which so truly,—and also how untruly!—expresses her nature. "Charm" is a word that has almost lost its meaning, and we have often been guilty in these pages of hounding it to its death. It has become a soft word, a flabby word. Perhaps when we speak of "This Delicate Love" we had better use "enchantment." It is so gratifying to think of a person with such an enchanting name writing such enchanted poetry. If we say that her new book is a book for the few we might be doing it a sales-disservice. It is not, actually, a book for the few. Any intelligent person can understand what she is saying, for she is at the opposite pole from being a slovenly workman; but perhaps what we mean is that not everybody will "get" the many overtones and undertones that give her poems an adumbration which is the truest function of poetry. We have not had space to quote her finest things. We can, however, recommend the book highly.

Recommended also:

POETRY AND MATHEMATICS. By SCOTT BUCHANAN. John Day.
THE TREE OF LIFE. An Anthology. By PINTO and WRIGHT. Oxford Press.
TILTED MOONS. By S. FOSTER DAWSON. **Harper.**

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 372*)

"sales resistance," but by the use of his nimble wits and with the aid of a magnificent amount of luck he comes through his problems creditably. Mr. Upson has done very well with this Alexander Botts, who is highly original and more often than not genuinely entertaining. Botts's adventures are given us through the medium of letters to his sales manager; this device in Mr. Upson's hands is useful and far from cumbersome. Altogether, these stories are excellent light reading. They are fresh, surprisingly subtle at times, and invariably gay.

LIFE GOES ON. By W. K. ROGERS. Liveright. 1929. $2.

Mr. W. G. Rogers has written a novel, novelette, expanded short story, or what you will, in the form of a classical comedy. Place—the house of Jack; time—dusk to dawn; style—pure dialogue without a stage direction or explanation. In fact, not even the names of the characters precede the speeches, so that one has to divine the speaker through his particular lingo. Yet so vivid is the characterization that there is never any doubt as to who is twittering, and so firm is Mr. Rogers's grasp of his narrative that there is never any doubt as to what is doing. Both the talk and the happenings would have been unprintable a few years ago. Even to-day it requires an Aristophanic stomach to enjoy the truly Aristophanic stuff of this work.

Jack, or rather Jack's wife, Margaret, is giving a party, ostensibly in honor of their little kid, Stick-in-the-Mud, otherwise Gertrude. Jack is an automobile salesman, as

(*Continued on page 380*)

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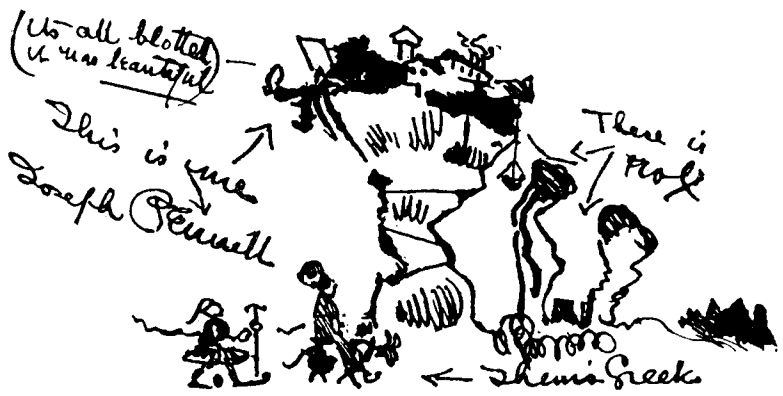
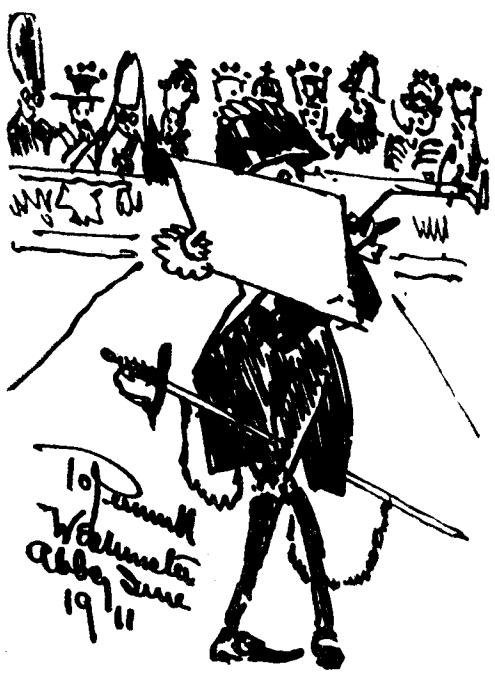
Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins, both Philadelphians, were married in 1884 and lived mostly abroad until after the War. They wrote "The Life of Whistler" together, and Mrs. Pennell wrote many other books, most of which were illustrated by her husband. In her Preface to this biography, Mrs. Pennell says: "The Adventures of which Joseph Pennell made a book filled but part of his life. There is much else that could and should be recorded of a man and artist whose individuality was proof against modern standardization, who, as American illustrator, worked in the great period of American illustration, and who was associated with the most important art exhibitions and movements of his day. This is my reason for writing his biography."



Joseph Pennell began his career as an illustrator in the *Century Magazine* just at the dawn of American illustration, collaborating with many of the most distinguished authors who were his contemporaries, travelling for his work to almost every part of Europe and the United States worth visiting.

He was one of the pioneers of American etching. He was for some years art critic of two important daily papers in London. He was on the juries of almost every International Exhibition held in Europe and America from 1900 onward. He left a record of the War in the fine lithographs of munition works and shipyards made for the British and the American governments. And with it all he found time to write many books and publish many prints.

Pennell's letters are a vivid record of his numerous activities, here and abroad, and most of them were decorated with gaily satirical sketches. Like himself, they are serious, humorous, sensitive, gay, outspoken, the Quaker in him never shrinking from the truth or from good strong words in which to state it. They will be a revelation, for few understood that, if he was a born fighter, he never fought save in a good cause; that if his language was picturesquely straightforward, it was because he could not be commonplace if he would.



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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 378*)

vulgar as they make 'em; loud-mouthed and conceited, belching wise-cracks, his talk booms through the book like that of a Nebraska farmer in a smoking-car. Margaret, originally of a slightly better social position, has a few high-brow aspirations revealed by her asking to the party Stick-in-the-Mud's school-teacher, Miss Bean, and Stick-in-the-Mud's dentist, Dr. Vielbig. Stick-in-the-Mud, herself, who has found the acquisition of knowledge and the straightening of teeth equally painful, sits in sulky silence until the food appears, when she suddenly takes on Gargantuan qualities. The last of the regular guests at the entertainment is Jack's "old sweetie," Jane, noted for her sock-em-in-the-eye variety of repartee.

The party begins badly and gets steadily worse. Margaret's hopes of impressing dentist or school-teacher with her refinement go down to dust as Jack's anecdotes, his innocent "By Jeez," and his flirting with "Old Sweetie" come to dominate the situation. The climax is reached when Jack's friend Charley arrives unexpectedly with three bottles of whiskey which he opens surreptitiously for the benefit of Jack and Jane. Decorum in the parlor strives vainly to ignore drunkenness in the dining-room. The party is definitely a failure, from Margaret's point of view, and, while the guests are being taken home, the outraged lady decides to leave her husband. Meanwhile that maudlin individual is making whoopee with his "Sweetie" in the automobile. What passes between husband and wife on his return may be left to the reader to discover, with the bare hint that there is a highly analogous moment between Paris and Helen in the third book of the Iliad. The classical quality of "Life Goes On"—ultra-jazzed modern story though it is—appears once more in its having a kind of substitute for the chorus, at the beginning and the end, in the person of Jack's well-meaning, ineffective "Ma."

THE COPPER BOTTLE. By E. J. MILLWARD. Dutton. 1929. $2.

But for a brief conclusion the whole of this exceptionally interesting mystery tale is told by a young traveller, fresh from the scene, to a company of guests snowbound at a rustic Welsh inn. Some days earlier the narrator, Shallard, was visiting the cottage of a detective friend in a neighboring region when a murder occurred in the house occupied by two eccentric men and their Japanese servant. At approximately the same time, there died Shallard's grandsire, a baronet, to whose wealth the young man was heir, but his right of succession was rendered contestable by the claim of the murdered man's companion that he himself was the late Sir Reginald's exiled son. With an eminent detective colleague and Shallard, the local police inspector sets to work on the enigma of the murder, gradually laying bare the past lives of the several men suspected, analyzing hypothetical motives, constructing a perfect theoretical solution of the crime, but failing to find a scrap of evidence which will warrant an arrest. The dénouement is utterly surprising, yet plausible. A capably written, finely ingenious story, in our opinion, it is a distinguished entry in the field of recent fiction.

WRITTEN ON WATER. By FRANCIS DE MIOMANDRE. Brentano. 1929. $2.50.

M. de Miomandre is a Parisian jack-of-all-trades, a critic, a poet, an essayist, a dramatist, and, in "Written On Water," a novel writer as well. He has won the Prix Goncourt, and is no longer a promising young author, but he still writes of that ever-fresh Parisian subject to which other nations display some aversion these days,—love. He has even written "La Vie Amoureuse de Vénus" (than which nothing could be more to the point) in a collection called "Leurs Amours." Altogether, he may be considered an authority in his way, and his history of a young man in Marseilles previous to the war ought to be amusing. But as a matter of fact it is not. In translation the slightly faded air of his fantasy, the descriptions of balls, assignations which do or do not come off, the philosophy of his M. Cabillaud, and the business affairs of his hero's father, ever on the point of making his fortune but never doing so,—all are merely a trifle tedious. It reads like Balzac with the backbone removed and a dilution of Paul Bourget added. "Written On Water" is a proper title for M. de Miomandre's novel, which passes without leaving a ripple.

(*Continued on page 387*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

R. B., Parramatta, New South Wales, Australia, asks for a list of translations of the works of François Villon and books about his life, and what editions there are of the works of William Beckford of Fonthill, the "Travel Diaries," and "Vathek."

THE Retrospect," a rendering into English verse of *huitains* I to XLI of "Le Testament" and of the three Ballades to which they lead, by George Heyer, is published by the Oxford University Press. The same poems are translated by H. De Vere Stacpoole in "Poems of François Villon" (Dodd, Mead); the standard translation of John Payne, with notes and an introduction by Robert Louis Stevenson, is published by Luce; an abridged version is in the Modern Library. "The Jargon of Master François Villon," translated by Jordan Herbert Stabler, is one of the special limited editions published by the Riverside Press, Houghton Mifflin. Mosher publishes a book of "Ballads," in the translations of Rossetti and John Payne. Liveright publishes "The Poems of François Villon," a complete and unabridged translation by John Heron Lepper, including also translations by Payne, Rossetti, Swinburne, Ezra Pound, and others.

The scholarly and vivid volume by D. Wyndham Lewis, "François Villon: A Documented Survey" (Coward-McCann), is the most recent publication of a biographical nature; it is one of the books that in presenting a writer present also the time out of which he wrote. Hilaire Belloc gives it a sympathetic preface. An earlier study, also against a background of medieval France, is "François Villon, His Life and Times" (Putnam), by his translator, H. De V. Stacpoole. R. L. Stevenson's "François Villon" is published by Mosher.

The American novel in which he appears, about which this reader asks, is Robert Gordon Anderson's "For Love of a Sinner: A Tale with Villain for Hero" (Minton, Balch). Justin Huntly McCarthy's "If I Were King" and "Needles and Pins" were written around Villon's life, and he appears in Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night."

Beckford's "Vathek," with an introduction by Ben Ray Redman and a hundred brilliant drawings by Mahlon Blaine, is published by John Day. In the Prospectus of the Nonesuch Press, published under the demure title "Bodkin Permitting" (Sir Archibald Bodkin, one of the censors, noted for the Savidge case), a new translation of "Vathek" is promised. For as everyone is supposed to know, one of the eccentricities of Beckford was to write "Vathek" in French instead of his native tongue; the English translation was made by his tutor, a clergyman with a strong admiration for the style of Dr. Johnson, and was published without the author's permission. "In French," says the prospectus, "Beckford's 'Vathek' has the lightning swiftness and very nearly the perfection of Voltaire, of whose style it was the conscious imitation. Imagine 'Candide' translated by Dr. Johnson in his heavier moments!" This new translation, by Mr. Grimsditch, is from the author's last revised edition of 1815, for he made many alterations in the text of the original version. There are to be color lithographs in illustration and 1,550 copies will be printed. H. C. Minchin, writing in the *Sunday Times*, London, tells of being taken, by an old man who had been in Beckford's service, to the top of "Beckford's Tower" which he had helped to build on the plateau of Lansdown, and at whose base Beckford is buried. The old man reported that Beckford could hardly wait for the tower to be completed, and when it was, turned his gaze to the four corners of the horizon and cried *"Now* we can see *all round!"* For my part, I don't call that so eccentric.

The "Travel Diaries of William Beckford of Fonthill' are published by Houghton Mifflin in two volumes octavo. These are edited with notes by Guy Chapman; they include a memoir by the editor, "Dreams and Waking Thoughts," "Sketches of Spain and Portugal," and "Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha."

C. H. P. T., Paris, France, spent some weeks in Budapest this spring, and found the life there so fascinating and so different that he wants to read a few novels that may give him a clue to what it is all about. He knows about Geoffrey Moss's novel whose scene is laid there, and tried some years since to read some Jokai, but was "bored to pieces."

GEOFFREY MOSS'S novel, which has a vivid background as well as a highly-seasoned plot, is not, as the name is often misquoted, "Red Pepper" but "Sweet Pepper" (Dutton); paprika is less an excitant than a combination of color and flavoring. Try Jokai's "Black Diamonds," though you will have to get it from England (Jarrold); it is laid partly in the mines and partly in social and commercial life in Budapest, and this version is much condensed. I have dragged the depths of my *temps perdu* in the hope of bringing up another novel whose scene is in Budapest, but apparently there is none in my memory. No doubt some reader of this column is better provided in this respect.

(*Continued on page 383*)

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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 72. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most gorgeous passage (not more than forty lines) of Shakespearean blank verse in which an important witness describes the public meeting of Solomon and Sheba in a "lost" play of that name. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of November 18).

Competition No. 73. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best sonnet called "Vanity Fair." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of December 2).

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SIXTY-EIGHTH COMPETITION

The prize for the best Tennysonian lines, "Locksley Hall, 1929," has been awarded to Helen Gray, of New York City.

THE PRIZE ENTRY

LOCKSLEY HALL, 1929
(Sir Leonard Lockley *loquitur*, aged 65)

NOW once more the ivied casements, and the mournful curlews call,
But the airplanes vex the moorland, growling over Locksley Hall.

Here I listened, here I suffered, three-and-forty years ago,
While my reminiscent grandsire grumbled thro' his beard of snow.

Now the wheel is come full circle: now his ancient mood is mine
Nothing right in 'Eighty-six and nothing right in 'Twenty-nine!

O my old ancestral roof-tree! O my roof-tree mine no more,
Rented to a narrow forehead, vacant of our native lore!

Lo, the sculptur'd lions languish at these sham'd surrender'd gates,
Subject to the crude dominion of a Croesus from the States!

Cursed be the crippling taxes that could drive the heirs away!
Cursed be the Cost of Living! Cursed be the Present Day!

Now my youngest, tender Amy, bobs her hair and has the vote,
And produces painful novels setting strange ideas afloat;

And my Lionel nobly nurtur'd, erst my best-beloved son,
Stood for Labor last election, and the worst was that he won.

Welshman, Scotchman—League and Treaty—all the songs the Sirens sung
To delude my dreaming grandsire in the years when he was young;

Outlaw'd War and 'minish'd Navy—Universal Peace and Love
List the lordly Lion roaring gently as the sucking dove!

Hush'd the old imperial thunder—shall it nevermore be heard?
Who today will talk of Empire? Commonwealth's the only word.

Common, common—all is common—decent custom overthrown;
Hist, the char-à-blanc is honking! Hark, the hateful megaphone:

"Famous Hall the poet sang of"—ah, but who are these to hear
Our high sorrows? 'Erbert, 'Arriet—sandwiches and ginger-beer!

Let me haste to flee the outrage lest a loathlier thing befall:
This is like to be the end, my last farewell to Locksley Hall!

HELEN GRAY.

This contest provoked a tougher fight than usual for our fifteen dollars, but too many good entries failed to provide what was patently wanted —a new poem related to Tennyson's two poems, in something of the same way that they are related to each other. Claudius Jones, Arjeh, and W. H. Seymour took some trouble with the Locksley genealogy and chronology, but Helen Gray contrived her links better than anyone else and most successfully visualized the soliloquist. Arjeh was too allusive and not a little obscure, moreover, his use of triple rhyme (even as a covering for side comments) was a mistake; Claudius Jones, as usual, covered the ground, scattering ideas, but his versification tends to sound flat at times; and W. H. Seymour, in at least one couplet, struck the most convincing Tennysonian note of the week—

But I curse this restless spirit, probing lightning, riding sound,
Faithless, wry, hypothesizing ends unworthy to be found.

But the final balance lay in Miss Gray's favor: her lamentations persuade me that she is English or else has lived in England.

Of those who seized Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's visit as a par-fulfilment of Tennyson's prophecies Cyril Smith was the best; and David Heathestone, looking towards Geneva and the Kellogg Pact, caught the right tone—

Dark the skies with aerial navies, and the Parliament of Man
Strives toward noble ends predestined, giant child though pale and wan.

Bert Leach deserves mention; also Homer Parsons for some bouncing verses to the tune of—

Let me be my grandson's grandson able to believe in Truth.

Is it possible that my august leg was being pulled by the competitor who wrote—

Just a moment, dear old fellow, see that house that's so forlorn?
Let me out, and when you want me, shout and sound the motor horn.

Now my darling's gone and left me, and my mind within me melts.
I must exercise my will and try to think of something else.

I see villages and cities, towns and peoples killed en masse
By the airships, planes, and bombers, letting loose their poison gas.

or another who explained himself in these astonishing terms—

I have thought of bloody murder or of easy suicide
But good-breeding frowns at either, so I find my hands are tied.

W. W., Dalnar Devening, and Margaret McGarvey were the best of many who merely burlesqued the original poems. The first was anxious to revise Tennyson's "feverish assertion of masculine superiority" from the "equal rights" point of view; Mr. Devening's very amusing poem is held over until another week.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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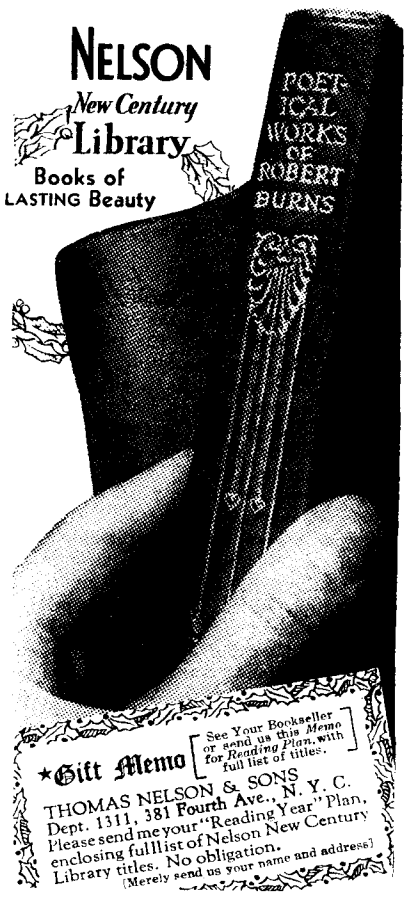

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page 381*)

F. K. V., Chicago, Ill., asking whether "The Phoenix and the Carpet" will be reprinted in the United States as well as the stories of E. Nesbit in "The Bastable Children" (Coward-McCann), asks "Who was E. Nesbit, and where can I find out something about her?"

ASK this in the hearing of a group of middle-aged journalists anywhere in London, and the barriers of British reserve are likely to go down before a rush of grateful memory. "E. Nesbit" was the wife of Hubert Bland, a political correspondent highly esteemed not only in London but throughout the North. Mr. and Mrs. Bland were among the original Fabians, and their house was a center for writers not yet famous, who were to retain their affection for the household and frequent it for as long as it lasted. Bernard Shaw, for instance, was one of their circle; long before he became fashionable Oscar Wilde came there; it seems as if almost everyone who counted in London's literary life came there and loved to come. For this was one of those households that are remembered like a fragrance; there was no money to speak of, and no one cared about that; so long as E. Nesbit-Bland lived—and it was a long illness that came to an end some three years ago—her loving-kindness lasted and she was so alive up to the last moment that I have met people who scarce realized yet that she is no longer living. The other day I met the little boy to whom "The Phoenix and the Carpet" is dedicated: he is Hubert Griffith, dramatic critic of the *Evening Standard*, one to whom great numbers of Britons look for sound and reasoned judgments on theatrical matters; his play "Red Sunday" was lately produced in London; E. Nesbit was his godmother. I hope this book is given a new American audience; it first appeared in the *Strand Magazine*, to which E. Nesbit was a staff contributor in its golden days; "The Phoenix and the Carpet" will meet each new generation with the security of a true "children's classic," for in its own way it is as distinctive as "Alice" or "Winnie-the-Pooh."

P. H. L., New York City, asks for additions to the literature of hobbies: anything in print on the subject, lists of potential hobbies, and discussions of the significance of the hobby to the person who indulges in it.

THIS list would be much longer if I should include British publications, but even keeping it to books now in print in the United States, it is long enough to make selection advisable if it is to be printed here. There are books on the subject in general, such as "The Book of Hobbies," by C. W. Taussig and T. A. Meyer (Minton, Balch); "Hobbies," edited by E. Wood (Funk & Wagnalls), and "Every Girl's Book of Hobbies," by E. M. de Foubert (Nelson). There are books on collecting which emphasize the joy of such pursuits, joy in itself apart from the financial or artistic results. "Collector's Luck," by Alice Van Leer Carrick (Little, Brown), and her "Collector's Luck in France" are especially exhilarating in this way, and there is "The Lure of Amateur Collecting," by G. B. Dexter (Little, Brown); "The Bargain Book," by C. E. Jerningham (Warne), and indeed most of the collecting guides. There is the famous spoof by Booth Tarkington and others, "The Collector's Whatnot" (Houghton Mifflin). There are all the books on stamps and autograph collecting, especially the references to autograph collecting in "The Americanization of Edward Bok" (Scribner) and in the same author's "Twice Thirty" (Scribner), which is as good a book as I know for a report on the value of the hobby—several of them at once, indeed—to the retired business man. There is the book sponsored by Mr. Bok, "Perhaps I Am" (Scribner), with its discovery of a hobby "ridden with a widespread diligence and assiduity of which I was entirely ignorant"; a curiously pathetic book, like most books about a late discovery of joy. I pause here to permit readers of this column to add their contributions; what is your hobby, and what book describes or documents it? A good while ago readers of the Guide helped a retired army officer to select a hobby for his years of comparative inaction: book-binding, rare-book collecting (most absorbing of all), every branch of nature-study, and a dozen crafts, figured in the list. I know one retired business man who took up playing the harp. John Burns, the labor leader, collects every book about London, and has London's best assortment. If I ever have time I think I am going to make calligraphy my hobby; meanwhile it is sight-reading upon the pianoforte.

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The Intelligent Amateur

IN general it can be said that the intelligent amateur is the man who not only gets the most fun out of his work, but it is he who almost always produces the most interesting work. He does not carry the burden of the day's work—but he often shows up the absurdity of that revered occupation. For one thing, he is, for better or worse, under no obligation to sell his labor to any who seeks to buy: he deals in concrete ideas which you can take or leave, as you will. That "the customer is always right," or that "we do the best we can under the conditions imposed by our clients," betrays the professional, who must sell his services to whoever will buy. Pretty much all of the interesting work in printing has come from the intelligent amateur, though not quite all of it. Gutenberg was an amateur; so were Aldus and Estienne and Morris—amateurs in the sense that they did not offer their day's labor to the earliest customer. They retained their independence of thought and action. It is evident that the intelligent amateur cannot be in the business of commercial printing, for he cannot then even presume to say what he shall or shall not print—and the minute the exigencies of pay-roll or press-room determine what shall be printed, typographic prostitution appears.

It is only possible to retain the amateur status when the livelihood does not depend upon the professional practice of a craft or a calling. Some day perhaps there will be a considerable minority of men who realize with Tolstoy that human happiness depends upon earning one's living primarily from the soil, and practising a craft as a necessary outlet for creative energy. At present the amateur seems compelled to drudge at a profession for his day's living, and pursue his avocation as time and chance may offer. That a few seeming professionals still keep the real status of amateurs—in enthusiasm and simplicity—is due to some divine spark which cannot be tracked down. We see it gleam, but we do not know quite why it is or where it comes from. We welcome it, and we cherish it. In the "doctrine of handiworks as applied to the art of printing" (to use old Moxon's phrase) the accomplishments must be measured by something other than the inelastic rule of professional technical perfection. If such perfection exists in the work, good. But if the work be not perfect, and the high enthusiasm of the amateur is evident, then the work, it seems to me, is even more worth while than if it had all the finish and meritricious excellence in the world.

It gives me a good deal of satisfaction to find, as I think I sometimes do, evidence of the work of the intelligent amateur amid the welter of high-class commercial work. One such man works in Washington under the name of the St. Albans Press.

The St. Albans Press

THIS press was established in the summer of 1925 at Mt. St. Alban, Washington, by Stephen A. Hurlburt. My first introduction to the press was by way of a small booklet entitled "Type Faces and a List of Books from the St. Albans Press," which showed a surprising variety of lovely and unusual types in its ten pages of specimens. Mr. Hurlburt remarks on the press, in this same booklet, give some information about his work. "The book may, I believe, lay some claim to a typographic interest apart from that of their contents. All have been hand-set by myself, and most of the impressions made on a hand-press, with dampened paper, after the manner of the early printers. Each book represents the collection of original material, from first-hand sources if possible." This is all pretty sound matter, and the "Song of S. Peter Damiani," issued by this press last year, is evidence of how far a first-class selection of type faces will go toward producing good printing. The book (in its second edition) makes use of too many type faces to be quite successful, but they are well set up, well printed, and good in themselves.

Mr. Hurlburt's list of publications includes "Selected Latin Vocabularies," "The Latin Colloquy of Archbishop Aelfric," "Three Poems by Henry Vaughan," as well as several books under way and some out-of-print items. While a little meager and juvenile in effect, the issues of the Press, so far as I have seen them, interest me because they are the enthusiastic work of one man, setting up things which greatly interest him, with type selected for its beauty, and frequently printed on the hand-press. Any such simple way of going about a job ought to interest many others.

The Zamarano Club

ANOTHER example of what I have in mind is at hand from Los Angeles. The Zamarano Club has been organized there to crystallize interest in books and printing. It possesses an Albion hand-press on which three men—practising attorneys in their less exciting moments—struggle with the intricacies of type and dampened paper. The first issue of this little press which I have seen comes to me from Mr. Arthur M. Ellis, who writes that he has gathered that "the infantile step of amateurs interest me." It does in general, and, as regards "Words Touching upon the Fifty Books, Addressed to the Members of the Zamarano Club, Mcmxxix," I am specifically interested. No author, no publisher, no printer is indicated. As a good wine needs no bush, so no colophon blares forth the name of type or paper—but the booklet is set in Baskerville type—and was not John Baskerville himself a fantastic amateur? — and well printed, by, as Mr. Ellis explains, "an amateur who never had any experience in or about a printing establishment."

The text of the booklet is an attempt on the part of the author to appraise the typographic subtleties of the fifty books of 1928 for the benefit of a club of book lovers, by an amateur who wants to find out why certain books are well done and others not so well done. The information about type faces isn't always accurate or complete, and once or twice I detect an alarming tendency to lapse into the method and the jargon of the psychologists, but as viewed from the outside looking in, the words of the *Presidente* of the Zamarano Club are often pertinent and always readable. It is to be hoped that the members of the typographic trio will not have too much lawing to do to continue their occasional bouts with the printing press.

The Shakespeare Head Press

IT may interest the amateurs of the Zamarano Club and others to read what a sensible and well-informed critic, writing with an unmistakable British bias—though I myself consider his bias as much that of culture as of Great Britain—has to say about some other gifted amateurs who are conducting, with distinguished success, the Shakespeare Head Press of Stratford on Avon. Mr. Hamish Miles, writing in the October *London Mercury*, says of this press:

Where does it now stand? A press of this kind is to be judged by the quality of its products *as books*, as well as by the *technical* craftsmanship which it displays. The two standards can never be altogether separated. It is wrong to estimate a book simply as "a piece of printing"; only the type specimen books of Messrs. Blank or Dash, dispassionately reciting their alphabets in a variety of accents, can be fittingly compared on such a basis. The best printer, in the most personal use of the word, is likely to be the man who *knows* what he is printing, and is in direct mental contact—however mechanized the modern process may be—with the stuff and substance of the book to which he is giving visible and multiple form. Taste in book printing depends on an ability to give a fitting, as well as an efficient, presentation of literary matter; and taste goes wrong when the form and the matter are not decently welded. It matters not how technically perfect the page-design or the press-work may be, if this technique has been applied in an inappropriate direction. The present highly interesting exhibition of twentieth-century printing at the British Museum contains a volume issued by the Grolier Club of New York in 1924, which offers a capital example of the *falsity* of a misapplied technical excellence: a handsome page of Mr. Goudy's Newstyle

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roman, measuring 11¾ x 8⅜ inches, spaced in stately and decorous fashion and admirably placed on the rich, heavy paper, presents us in these highly impressive tones with—what? With three short, slender, conversational essays on book-buying and book-binding—from the pen of a witty, graceful, and ever youthful veteran of letters, it is true, but overwhelming his personal accent by the magnificence of the setting, a fireside chat conducted in a Palladian banqueting hall. . . . There is always a danger that the aspiring printer may fall into such errors—no new danger either, for one is reminded of Sir Thomas Browne's sigh three centuries ago: "'Tis not a melancholy *Utinam* of my own, but the desires of better heads, that there were a general synod . . . to condemn to the fire those swarms and millions of *Rhapsodies* begotten only . . . to maintain the trade and mystery of Typographers."

However, as regards these and allied heresies the Shakespeare Head Press can live with a quiet conscience. In the choice of book and type and decoration, Mr. Newdigate is never likely to be betrayed by errors of knowledge or discrimination. . . . And when someone some day takes the trouble to analyze the functional esthetic of typography, and the relations of the art to the characters of the languages to which it gives expression, he may find in the recent productions of the Shakespeare Head Press some useful examples of an exact accordance of the pure English style in type and printing with the English historical and literary spirit.

There is a tendency in this country at least for the professional printer to think that printing is an end in itself—just as our lawyer legislators think that law-making is such an end. The threatened inundation of limited edition books bears about the same relation to useful book production that golf does to useful labor. What would perhaps do the American production of books the most good would be a considerable infiltration of intelligent amateurs. R.

THE GUIDING LIGHT ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY. By ROBERT R. DEARDEN, JR. Philadelphia: J. C. Winston. 1929. $5.

THIS volume, intended originally as a kind of annotated catalogue of the author's collection of Bibles, will achieve its greatest usefulness among those people to whom the great Darlow and Moule "Historical Catalogue of the Printed Editions of Holy Scripture in the Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society" is either unknown or inaccessible. Beginning with the Codex Sinaiticus, written not later than the fourth century, and believed by some authorities to be the oldest manuscript Bible in existence, the reader is conducted through all the mazes of Gutenberg, Tyndale, the Complutensian Polyglot, the "He" Version and the Great "She" Bible of 1611—even the Eliot translation into the Indian language—down to the Revised Version completed and brought out by the Oxford University Press in 1885. At intervals there appear slightly bewildering sections dealing with the possible living entombment of monks and nuns at Lindisfarne, selections from the Apocrypha—the entire story of Suzanne and the Elders, and a long account of the conversational Angel who advised Tobias—and discussions of problems of textual criticism, all intermingled with really excellent photographs of title-pages and pages of printing. It is difficult, under the circumstances, ever to obtain any clear idea of exactly what effect the author intends to produce, whether he is so interested in the story told by the "distinctively outstanding editions that have been the most important links in the chain which securely binds the Bible with the past ages" that he forgets bibliography, or whether he feels that bibliography demands so entirely a special form of writing that he is justified in anything he does. It would be pleasanter to praise this work than to find fault—the idea in itself is excellent—but it is impossible to escape the unhappy conviction that far more might have been made of the material and that without indulging to such an extent in the kind of sentimental prose so commonly to be found in books written by laymen about the Bible, the author might have produced a more admirable piece of work. G. M. T.

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PAUL ELDER & CO., 239 Post St., San Francisco, invite collectors to send for their November, 1929, Catalogue of Rare Books. It comprises the following sections: Famous Presses, First Editions, Great Illustrators, Fine Bindings, Vellum Bulls, Antiquarium, Nature, Costume, Books About Books, Sporting Books, Travels and Voyages, Americana, Californiana, Hawaiiana, Choice Sets and Bargain Sets.

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STEPHEN GRAHAM, *author of* PETER THE GREAT

The tremors from Europe which foretell the triumph of a new foreign book in America have always fascinated and mystified *The Inner Sanctum*.

You heard such reverberations on LUDWIG'S *Napoleon*, on *A Passage to India*, and most recently on *All Quiet On the Western Front*. . . . By some uncharted subterranean intelligence system the mysterious "*they*" all begin to anticipate and acclaim a triumph that is due from abroad.

No such alarums announced the publication of the latest biography from *The Inner Sanctum*, a full-length chronicle of *Peter the Great* by no less an authority than STEPHEN GRAHAM, the Anglo-Saxon writer who has probably fathomed the soul of Russia more deeply than any other.

The book was published sedately—almost serenely—on October 3rd, and why the grape-vine route of the world of letters did not crackle and sputter with the news will always remain a mystery to your astounded correspondents.

Yet without any fanfare whatever *Peter the Great* is selling nicely, and acquiring critical commendation of the most sanguine sort from high places.

Peter the Great is written so honestly, so truthfully, and with such unimpeachable authentication that flourishes and exclamations are unnecessary. A cool recital—decently restrained and understated—is sufficient when you deal with a fantastic figure like PETER. In such presentation STEPHEN GRAHAM is a master. He always has a terror or two in reserve, and a crimson streak that is conveyed best by a suave moderation.

It will be an interesting experiment in the higher tactic of book promotion to see if the American reading public will continue to buy this book without any sensational advertising. The big point is that STEPHEN GRAHAM knows his Russia. To *The Inner Sanctum* he writes:

> *I crossed the Caucasus on foot four times. I tramped about four hundred miles of the Black Sea shore. . . . Then I tramped in the far north of Russia and went from Archangel to Moscow on foot and part of the way in boats made of birch bark. I also walked in the Ural Mountains and in Siberia. I lived with the peasants. Probably no foreigner has walked in Russia so much.*

As these lines are written, there comes word that *Peter the Great* is an outstanding best-seller in London, hailed by twenty-one gun salutes from the leading British critics as one of the most thrilling biographies of our time. . . . Perhaps the reverberations came by a slow boat.

—ESSANDESS.

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by

John Galsworthy

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BOOKS

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THE *Outlook and Independent* presents articles on various "moulders of opinion" from time to time. In the issue of October 30th we read what we thought a really excellent one on *Heywood Broun*, by *Virgilia Peterson Ross*, a New York woman. The title of it is "Emotional Prodder." It seems to us to sum up Heywood just about as we know him. . . .

Just because he's a big man don't give him a little hand. Heywood Broun brought an independence of opinion into New York journalism such as had never existed to the same extent before. That has been his contribution, and an important one it is, to the thought of a nation. (Not to say *The Nation!*)

And speaking of the "thought of a Nation," give a thought to the thought of the world through the ages. Aw, go on! You can most easily do this by glancing at an imposing collection of the "One Thousand Sayings of History, presented as Pictures in Prose," by *Walter Fogg*, and published by The Beacon Press in Boston. . . .

Mr. Fogg's method—and it is strange that one who so clarifies the circumstances of classic quotation should have such a misleading name—is to first list the famous saying and then quite engagingly to explain how it happened to be said. Take the instance of *John Dennis*, the English dramatist's, saying, "Damn them! They will not let my play run, but they steal my thunder!" It seems from what Mr. Fogg goes on to explain to us, that up to the time of the appearance of his play, "Appius and Virginia," "the approved method of making the clouds roar backstage was with the big mustard bowls of the day. Dennis improved on this by employing troughs of wood with stops in them, which produced a terrifying racket at the proper cue." "Appius and Virginia" did not, however, stay long on the boards and Dennis later found his thunder-device being used in a rival performance. Hence his exclamation. And now everybody forgets where the much-used pungent phrase "to steal one's thunder" orginated. At the back of Mr. Fogg's book are all the proper indices to help one look up any famous saying that comes to mind. . . .

The Legion Book, published by Cassell, in England, is not (it seems to us) quite so good a job as it might have been made, but certainly the names of its contributors are sufficiently distinguished. The book is edited by *Captain H. Cotton Minchin*, in the interests of the British Legion, and it was at the invitation of *H. R. H. The Prince of Wales* that the contributors came forward. Among prose writers there are *Galsworthy, Walpole, Arnold Bennett, Aldous Huxley, P. G. Wodehouse*; among poets, *Rudyard Kipling, Robert Bridges, Sir Henry Newbolt, G. K. Chesterton, De la Mare, Humbert Wolfe*, and so on. The illustrations of the book include drawings by *Strube, Bawden*, and *Poy*, wood engravings by *Ravilious* and *Clare Leighton*, and among the half-tone plates is work by *William Rothenstein, A. K. Lawrence, James McBey, Eric Kennington, David Low, Jacob Epstein*, and *Max Beerbohm*. The book is in particularly large format. It may not contain any actual masterpieces but it gives good measure. . . .

One of the most interesting volumes we have run across lately—perhaps because we are really tired of reading at the moment—is a *novel in woodcuts* by *Lynd Ward*, published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. The book is precisely what it says it is, and yet the story told is a finely ironic and poetic one. Picture follows picture developing the symbolical tale in four sections, "The Brush," "The Mistress," "The Brand," "The Wife." Some of the individual woodcuts are of great beauty. . . .

We are glad to have the Oxford University Press's "Poems by *Q*," as here at last *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's* poems from several books are all brought together between a single pair of covers. A number of them have great tang. The simple, smooth dress of the book, a plain blue binding with just a touch of gilt lettering on the backstrap, seems to us very good indeed. . . .

And here is another larger and wider book in a smooth blue binding, being the "Drawings and Paintings by *Joan Manning-Sanders*," brought out by William Edwin Rudge at 475 Fifth Avenue. The price of the book is nine dollars. The introduction by *R. H. Wilenski* tells us that Joan Manning-Sanders is now sixteen years of age. With that fact in mind we find perfectly extraordinary "The Brothers," "Bertha Louisa," and "David and the Globe." This year the Royal Academy hung her "The Concertina Players," also a remarkable performance. Her mother is *Ruth Manning-Sanders*, poet and novelist (her poem "The City" won the Blindman Poetry Prize in 1926, and "Hucca's Moor" is one of her best-known novels), and her father is *George Manning-Sanders*, novelist and short-story writer. Theirs must be a delightful family, since they have always moved about,—her parents before Joan was born living almost all the time in a caravan. Before she was thirteen Joan had painted a set of six water-colors of New Testament subjects for St. Hilary Church, Cornwall. Through all the illustrative plates of the book you trace her rocketlike progress. And there is great charm and fun to some of the earliest pictures. Mr. Wilenski speaks very sensibly of her in his preface, but she may go very far. . . .

And now we are looking at the first number of *The Century* as a Quarterly. My, how times have changed. The plain cover is blue and buff, and this is the slogan thereon:

> Within these blue and buff covers there are eighty thousand words. They were chosen by eighteen skilled workmen, who joined them together that you might have this record of their ideas and ideals, their doubts and convictions, their theories and experiences. They have unrolled a prospect wide and various across these one hundred and sixty pages, and they have adorned them with truth, as they found it, and with beauty, as they saw it. Their hope is that they may lull you into flattering agreement or sting you into critical dissent. For in either case your interest is assured.

Yeah, that's certainly so! . . .

Henry Hazlitt is doing the Quarterly Comment for this new Century, and *Herbert Gorman* is doing the Quarterly Book Reviews. We wish this new incarnation of the old *Century*, which in the days of *Gilder* and *Drake* was such a model of how well a magazine could be put together as to type and art-work,—we wish this brand-new unadorned periodical all success. And yet we are sorry to see *The Century Monthly Magazine* pass. There was a time when it led the field. If its literature was sometimes a little bit fusty, it was also ever on the lookout for certain young talent, and if there ever was a more distinguished Art Editor in America than *Alexander W. Drake* we do not know where he is to be found in history. . . .

The other night, twenty-two stories in the air above Madison Avenue, we saw the great *Edgar Wallace*, King of mystery-story and crook-drama writers, standing before a tall, curtained window that soared above the city and showed the high buildings of New York twinkling through a blue haze, with the East River beyond. Mr. Wallace seemed a stout fellow and a pleasant, modest person. He was being entertained by *Mr. George H. Doran*, whose white hair and goatee and courtly manner constitute one of the chief ornaments of the publishing profession in New York. Many writers, and editors were assembled. We fell into conversation with *Edmund Lester Pearson* who probably knows as much about real murder as anyone in the country,—as we said once before, "without practising." We talked to *Edward Davison*, the young English poet, and to the amusedly melancholy *Robert Nathan*. We had a very good time. And we shall have to read "The Crimson Circle." . . .

Strange are the results of fame. *Richard Aldington* has been writing distinguished poetry for years, but it was not until Covici-Friede brought out his novel "The Death of a Hero" that he found himself really "discovered" by the average reader. And what happened? Well, here is what his publishers tell us.

> Within the last six weeks Richard Aldington has received three proposals of marriage; an offer to go into the movies; has been claimed as a long lost husband by a fifty-year-old woman; won a sonnet contest held at Ernest Hemingway's home in Paris; was recognized by a German soldier whose life he had saved during the war, and has had his picture in more than two hundred newspapers in the United States.

Well, we guess we'll call it a day!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

Have you ever walked along a quiet country road in the gathering glory of a setting sun, the cool air pungent with the odor of fallen leaves, and in your pocket a book like Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*,[1] which you have just read, sitting on a stone wall? There are few more satisfying experiences. A perfume lingers in the memory of such a book, and the *World's Classics*[2] edition contains an introduction by Virginia Woolf which cannot be improved upon. For many years we have followed the admonition of Doctor Johnson[3] never to be without a book in our pocket, to be read at bye-times when we have nothing else to do. Naturally, we have sought out pocket editions—those that were not too meanly printed and bound. And we have found unusual treasures in the *World's Classics* library. Were we seeking a five foot education we should prefer these accurate and scholarly texts to any others we know. But we go to them as to a source of delight and provocative information for our pleasure.

The Oxford Miscellany Series,[4] likewise, has many unusual titles that will jog the gratitude of those who are really bookish. We imagine there are only a few collectors who realize the "first editions" that have come out in this varied series. For they are not loudly heralded (so many good things are not). We have heard Christopher Morley acclaim these books at times, and Ben Ray Redman has filled three or four columns with praise of them, declaring that they had solved his vacation reading problem for all time.

Another sizable set of titles for this purpose is the *Tudor and Stuart Library*.[5] This group of books exists for those for whom old originals are too dear to possess. They are reproductions of these editions printed with type cast from the matrices procured by John Fell in 1660, on paper made from the old recipe. *Shakespeare's Sonnets*,[6] (an exact reprint of the first edition of 1609), *The Praise of Folly*,[7] and *Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici*[8] (an exact reprint of the first authentic edition, 1643; with observations by Sir Kenelome Digby) are among the best known titles. One of our favorites, however, is the less popular *Turbervile's Booke of Hunting*,[9] being The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting; printed from the edition of 1576, with facsimile of the woodcuts.

But to return to the road we set out upon, there is a sequel which is necessary to our perfect autumn afternoon. It is an evening before the open fire with a bibliomaniac friend, with nuts and good cider[10] punctuating the talk. The friend can be absent if we have such a genial book as Richard Aldrich's *Musical Discourse*.[11] Folk songs in America, Jenny Lind and Barnum, the modernizing of Bach, and an astonishing variety of other subjects hold us with their charm while we learn amusing and enlightening bits from a great scholar. Mr. Updike's exquisitely printed *Lady Louisa Stuart*[12] is another book whose racy gossip of George Selwyn delights our humors. Books like these can be enjoyed at any page; their vitality does not depend on what proceeds. The same is true of McDowall's *Peaks and Frescoes*.[13] It obviously has not been done as a guide to the Dolomites, but rather to express some of the affection which the author has felt for those high, quiet valleys and the peasant life. The colored linoleum cuts are representative of the native art, and the book is altogether beautiful.

When "men and women are the subject of our inquiry" we find Martin Shaw's *Up to Now*[14] most satisfying. It is an informal autobiography of one who has moved among a large number of musical and literary people. It contains good, friendly gossip and anecdote about Edward Gordon Craig,[15] Isadora Duncan, John Masefield, Maude Royden, Hugh Walpole, and many others.

Reading much about Boswell[16] these days persuaded us to spend another evening with that dean of Scotch letters, Henry Mackenzie, whose *Anecdotes and Egotisms*[17] is compact with a variety of stories, character sketches, 18th century gossip, quaint customs, rollicking humor. Incidentally, it may interest some 18th century collectors to know that this is the first edition of the book. Sir Walter Scott had hoped to edit and publish it but unfortunately was stricken with his fatal illness at the time of his decision.

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) $.80 (2) More than 350 titles in blue cloth bindings, $.80 each. (3) See Boswell's Johnson, Oxford Standard Authors, $2.25. (4) About 70 titles, $1.25 each. (5) $1.50 to $6.00. (6) $2.50. (7) $2.00. (8) $3.35. (9) $3.35. (10) The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* ($3.50) says that *cider* comes from the Hebrew *shekar*, which means "strong drink." (11) Printed at the Merrymount Press, $3.00. (12) Limited edition of 500 copies, $12.00 each. (13) $5.50. (14) $2.50. (15) *Scene* (many illustrations of stage settings), $15.00. (16) Pottle's *Boswell's Literary Career*, $15.00. (17) $8.50.

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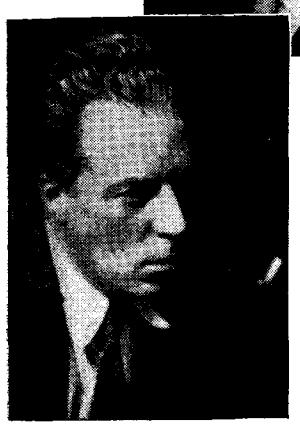

Christopher MORLEY

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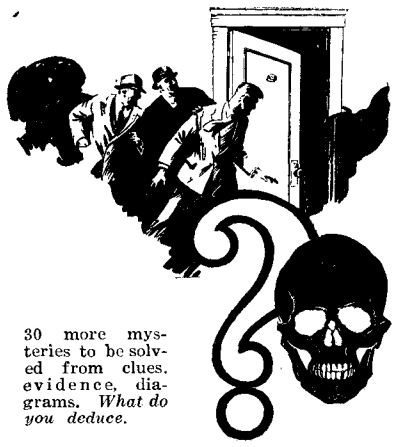
And so are several other members of the staff of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. They have been attempting to solve the unique detective problems in the new *Second Baffle Book*. They have been making deductions about the killing of "Bronx" Magee . . . the theft of the Lanier formula . . . the loss of the Montjoy diamond.

Here are the "scores"—out of a possible 300—

Miss Loveman	263
Mr. Benét	236
Dr. Canby	276 or 278
(Dr. Canby claims that his answer to Problem 7 is better than the one in the book.)	
Mr. Morley	210
(Mr. Morley called it a "grand book" and said that it kept him completely fascinated.)	
Mr. Cathcart	240
George	185
(Office Boy Extraordinary)	

"And now that this is over," says Mr. Cathcart, "I can have some hope of seeing this office resume its normal routine."



30 more mysteries to be solved from clues, evidence, diagrams. *What do you deduce.*

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 380)

Juvenile

In view of the fact that next week's issue of the Saturday Review *will be almost exclusively devoted to juvenile literature the Children's Bookshop is omitted this week.*

Miscellaneous

A HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY. By COL. P. M. ASHBURN. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $5.

This book, written by the Librarian of the Surgeon General's Office, collects for the first time between two covers the history of military surgery in the United States from 1775 to 1928. From the unrivalled sources at his command—and the Surgeon General's Library in Washington is the best medical library in the Western Hemisphere—Dr. Ashburn has selected judiciously. The result is perhaps too historical and statistical to attract the general reader. Drama there is in plenty in this history of the Medical Department, but the author has chosen wisely the method of the historical document. His work will appeal to physicians in general and be intensely interesting to army doctors.

THE ADOLESCENT. His Conflicts and Escapes. By SIDNEY I. SCHWAB and BORDEN S. VEEDER. Appleton. 1929. $3.

The authors' thesis is quite fairly set forth in the following sentence on page 76: "The awareness of, or the consciousness of, a conflict and the revolt which follows on its account occur at the beginning of adolescence and demark that period with its most characteristic and specific element." This thesis is stated and restated at great length with minor shifts of terminology, but the reader leaves the book without any well-defined conception of the nature of the adolescent conflict. This may be due to the fact that the authors theorize without quoting any concrete facts or experience as the basis for their generalizations. The summary of the physiological changes occurring at adolescence is useful, but again there is constant unnecessary restatement. The book is verbose and contributes nothing new to the knowledge of the adolescent period.

NEW YORK. By *Ethel Fleming* and *Herbert S. Kates*. Macmillan. $6.50.

"BRIDGE PUZZLES." By *Tabyan Mathey* and *Harry I. Hallahan*. Dutton. $2.50.

THIS AVIATION BUSINESS. By *Ernest W. Dichman*. Brentanos. $3.50.

SO SAY THE WISE. By *Hazel Coolay* and *Norman L. Corwin*. Sully. $2 net.

MODERN AVIATION ENGINES. By *Major Victor W. Pagé*. Henley. 2 vols. $9 the set, $5 a volume.

"COME TO ORDER!" By *Emma M. Wines* and *Marjory W. Card*. Doubleday, Doran.

ILLUSTRATORS. Compiled by *Louise P. Latimer*. Foxon. $1.

THE LAW OF BUILDING CONTRACTS AND MECHANICS LIENS. By *Myron H. Lewis*. 507 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

WRITING AND THE SHORT STORY. By *Edith Mirrielees*. Doubleday, Doran.

THE SECOND BAFFLE BOOK. By *Lassiter Wren* and *Randle McKay*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

JEWISH LIFE IN MODERN TIMES. By *Israel Cohen*. Dodd, Mead.

CHINA AND JAPAN IN OUR MUSEUMS. By *Benjamin March*. American Council: Institute of Pacific Relations. $1.50.

THE SUN'S DIARY. By *Elizabeth Coatsworth*. Macmillan. $2.

THE SHIPPING WORLD. By *John A. Todd*. Pitman. $2.25.

MERCHANTMEN-AT-ARMS. By *David W. Bone*. Dutton. $..

SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME. According to *J. "Jack" Niles, Douglas "Doug" Moore*, and *A. A. "Wally" Wallgren*. Macaulay. $2.50.

PRECIOUS AND SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES. By *Michael Weinstein*. Pitman. $2.25.

THEORY AND DESIGN OF ELECTRICAL MACHINES. By F. Creedy. Pitman. $9.

ABOUT ANTIQUES. By *Ella Shanton Bowles*. Lippincott. $3.50.

FEEDING THE FAMILY. By *Mary Swartz Rose*. Macmillan. $5.

CORINTH. Vol. IV. Part I. By *Ida Thallon-Hill* and *Lida Shaw King*. Harvard University Press.

MEDALS OF HONOR. By *James Hopper*. Day. $3.

FAMOUS HOUSES AND LITERARY SHRINES OF LONDON. By *A. St. John Adcock*. Dutton. $2.50.

LOVELY LADIES. By *Daré*. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50 net.

HILLS AND THE SEA. By *H. Belloc*. Dutton. $5.

GIVE PHOHIBITION ITS CHANCE. By *Ella A. Booke*. Revell. $1.50.

A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH VERSIFICATION. By *J. F. A. Pyre*. Crofts. 50 cents.

THE GLUYAS WILLIAMS BOOK. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

PRACTICAL ART LETTERING. By *E. G. Lutz*. Scribners. $2.

INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY. Edited by *Charles S. Myers* (Home University Library). Holt. $1.25.

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Good Books Can Be Sold at 1/6 Present Prices

By GERALD CARSON

THE development of the art of printing has made possible the production of beautiful books in great quantities at low cost. More fine literature is being read today than ever before.

In other fields the benefits of modern methods have been passed on to the consumer, but in the field of books prices have steadily risen. The average novel is now sold at from two dollars ($2) to three dollars ($3) and non-fiction at from three to five dollars ($3-$5).

Considering this situation, the originator of *Paper Books*, himself a publisher, began to study the reason for the high cost of good books. The author's earnings, it was noted, did not effect the price of books. A far more important factor in publishing is the uncertainty of the sale of a book, and the costs of its exploitation.

From this followed the question: Can new books of distinguished literary quality be produced at a cost so low that they would be within the reach of every reader? Papermakers, printers, writers, booklovers, and critics were consulted. Finally the project of Paper Books took form.

The project rests upon the faith:

First: That Americans will read any amount of good literature if it is within their reach. The average budget does not allow much for reading matter with books at $2 and $3 a piece.

Second: That buyers can be secured in advance which is the principle of all book clubs. This frees the publisher from certain expenses of exploitation and marketing. His market is a cash market, paid up in advance. He is thus enabled to reduce costs without cutting profits.

The subscription to *Paper Books* is Five Dollars a year. This brings the lover of good literature and beautiful printing *twelve new books for less than the price of two.* On the 25th of each month, for twelve months, a new book goes to the subscriber.

The *Paper Books* are selected by a distinguished Board of Editors: Lincoln Colcord, Louis Untermeyer, Everett Dean Martin, Padraic Colum, Horace N. Kallen. The Art Editors are Rockwell Kent and Elmer Adler.

Writing of the first Paper Book selection, "The Golden Wind" by Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry, a fascinating novel, the New York *Times* says: **"Not only is it remarkable for a most unusual and successful blending of East and West in romantic narrative, but its selection marks it as a portent in American publication."**

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The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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